FIVE CENTS

Liberty

NOV. 22 · 1941

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING—

A Condensation of the Great Best Seller by Marguerite Steen

HITLER and GOEBBELS' WIFE by Curt Riess

SPECTER of the ROSE—A★★★★ Short Story by Ben Hecht

You're looking at Glenmore...

BIGGEST VALUE IN BONDS TODAY!

RICHER TASTING
Distinctive flavor found only in the famous Barton formula.
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BOTTLED IN BOND
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 PROOF
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ONE QUART
NOT EXPENSIVE
Sells for less than most other Bonds.
Here's GLENMORE'S SILVER LABEL
for those who prefer the light mildness of 90 proof whiskey.
This whiskey is 4 years old.
Glenmore
Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Copr., 1941
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
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POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

"—and don't come back . . . EVER!"

He didn't fill his pockets with hors d'oeuvres or drink out of his saucer . . . *it was worse than that!*

He didn't play leap-frog with the butler or pinch the maid . . . *it was worse than that!*

He didn't set his highball down on the hostess's prize antique ($800 to you) or mistake her sister for an old Follies' girl he'd met in Scranton . . . *it was worse than that!*

He did none of these things, but before the evening was over he was just as much an outcast as if he had done them all. And he wasn't thrown out, either. But a lot of people privately thought it would be a good idea. Despite his good looks and pleasing personality, nobody wanted to see him again—ever! And he didn't know why.

No matter what your good points may be, they can count for little if you have halitosis (bad breath). Socially and in business, it is the offense unbearable. If you ever came face-to-face with it, you can readily understand why.

Anyone can have this all too common condition at sometime or other. And the worst of it is, you yourself may not know when you're guilty. Your breath might be off color at this very moment, with nobody to put you wise; people don't discuss so intimate a subject.

Why take chances of offending others when there's an easy, delightful precaution against it? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic on arising, before retiring, and between times before business and social engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant really does things for you!

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) may be due to systemic disorders, the major cause, say some authorities, is the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, mouth, and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. If you want others to like you, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Let LISTERINE look after your breath

Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

"THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA"

A Cross Section of Public Opinion

Liberty's October 18 editorial, Lindbergh—the Most Dangerous Man in America, brought in the largest number of communications on a single topic within the memory of the editors.

The number is so large as to make it impossible to thank the senders for them individually or to print them all. But all are hereby gratefully acknowledged, and here are excerpts from a few of them.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Last night I read one of the finest editorials that has come to my attention in a long time. It was in Liberty and was entitled Lindbergh—the Most Dangerous Man in America.

My compliments to the writer.—*Samuel Youngheart.*

CINCINNATI OHIO—EDITORIAL MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA MARVELOUS AND GREAT DEMONSTRATION THAT FREEDOM OF PRESS STILL EXISTS EXPRESSES MY HEARTFELT OPINION FULLY—GEORGE REMUS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I don't know who wrote The Most Dangerous Man, but I inform you that a more mendacious, false, and disgusting piece has never appeared in a periodical of any standing. —*Thomas Ridgway.*

OCEANBEACH CALIF—THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN A MAGAZINE CALLED LIBERTY CAN SCURRILOUSLY ATTACK A PATRIOT LIKE CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH FOR SPEAKING THE TRUTH—JEAN A RITTENHOUSE.

FEARLESS, OUTSPOKEN, TRUTHFUL, MALIGN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your fearless editorial on Lindbergh is the greatest thing since Bunker Hill.—*William Hayhurst.*

LEXINGTON, S. C.—My compliments. Your editorial on Lindbergh is the most outspoken and truthful characterization of that individual that I have seen in print so far.—*Ernest M. Ferrari, ex-Italian.*

COVINGTON, KY.—I have just read your malign attack on Lindbergh. While I do not agree with all of his contentions, I am sure he is a far greater American than you or your kind.

Do you represent the true feeling of the Jews? Do they wish to crucify any one who says that they are trying to get us into the war?—*G. B. Bush, Pastor, Fort Mitchell Baptist Church.*

COLUMBUS, GA.—For this editorial all good Americans should sing your praise. We have one editor who has the courage to say what we all think and know. As a Spanish War volunteer of '98, I give you my thanks.—*Dr. Benjamin B. Hudson.*

SALEM, ARK.—I wish to compliment you on your editorial. I think that you classify Lindbergh exactly where he belongs.—*Ulis Methvin, County School Supervisor.*

LIBERTY AND THE EVANSES ARE BURNED UP

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial is yellow beyond words. Six readers in our family will never again buy a Liberty magazine. We are burning our old copies because we are ashamed to have them in our home.—*T. B. Evans.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—This is the most unfair editorial I have ever read.—(*Mrs.*) *Florence L. Adams.*

MCPHERSON, KAN.—You have been so eminently fair in your treatment of this man that I think you are not only qualified to speak but have earned the privilege to do so.—*Dr. H. E. Thompson.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—No one in America was prouder than I when Slim Lindbergh made that famous flight. But he should have put his hand over his mouth and his mouth in the dust before he spoke the words I have heard him speak. Thanks for your editorial.—(*Mrs.*) *Jessie M. Abbott.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—If you have any idea that this sort of intemperate writing is going to help unify America or to win converts to the cause of outright inter-

(*Continued on page 63*)

"I've got the movie plot of the year here . . . one that will be acceptable to all foreign nations. The villain is an American!"

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TOP QUALITY MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP

Illustrated: Champion Custom Club Sedan, $840 delivered at factory*. Federal tax included.

Top quality throughout—and it's the lowest priced Six in America!

NEW 1942

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

Lower than any other Six! Lower than any Eight!

THIS year, it's a simple matter to get the quality you want—and the operating economy you're entitled to—in a lowest priced car.

This big, roomy, distinctively styled 1942 Studebaker Champion is the answer.

Never before has any car of lowest price offered you so much in brilliantly advanced engineering and sound, solid construction.

Never before has a lowest priced car offered the delightful handling ease, the flashing response, the restful riding comfort and sure-footed safety of this finest Champion in Studebaker history.

It steadily delivers astonishing mileage per gallon of gasoline and quart of oil, because the excess bulk that handicaps the economy of other cars has been streamlined out.

Moreover, this 1942 Champion is priced with appreciative regard for your increasing expenses. It's the lowest priced Six in America—lower than any other Six—lower than any Eight.

See it now at your local Studebaker dealer's. Planar safety front wheel suspension, automatic choke, shockless multi-ratio steering—all the other famous Champion "extras at no extra cost." C. I. T. terms.

For America's Defense
Studebaker is building an unlimited quantity of airplane engines, military trucks and other materiel

PRICES BEGIN AT $810* for a Champion Business Coupe, Federal tax included

CHAMPION . . $810 and up • COMMANDER . $1108 and up
PRESIDENT 8 . $1242 and up

*These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Indiana, as of October 11, 1941. Federal tax included. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice—but Studebaker quality will remain constant.

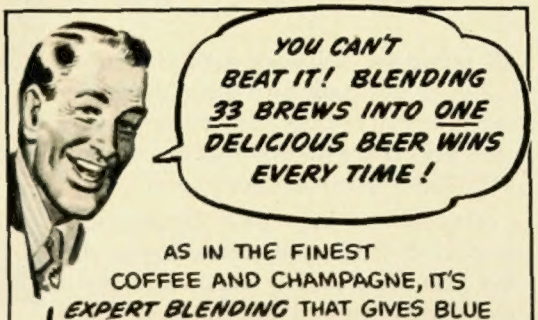
...and I'll Bid "33 to 1"
I'll Double That!
STOP TALKING IN RIDDLES--WHAT D'YOU MEAN--"33 TO 1"?
IT'S AN INVITATION TO A GRAND SLAM IN FLAVOR... AH, AND WE'LL MAKE IT, TOO!
IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON, 33 TO 1... 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER.
HMMM! SO THAT'S WHY BLUE RIBBON ALWAYS HAS THAT SAME, SMOOTH FLAVOR.
I'LL RE-DOUBLE THAT 33 TO 1 BID--THE PAUSE FOR PABST IS THE BEST PART OF BRIDGE.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER

IT'S SMOOTHER ... IT'S TASTIER ... IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1



AS IN THE FINEST COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE, IT'S *EXPERT BLENDING* THAT GIVES BLUE RIBBON ITS SMOOTHER, TASTIER, UNVARYING GOODNESS. TODAY--TREAT YOURSELF TO A COOL, FOAMING GLASS--AND *PROVE* THAT BLENDING 33 FINE BREWS MAKES PABST BLUE RIBBON *ONE* GREAT BEER!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Man to Man

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ FROM now on, a good many football games are going to be played in the rain. So you fans in the North, South, East, yes, even in California had better provide yourselves with good raincoats if you want to be sure of some comfort at wet games you're determined not to miss.

For this you need a coat that is really waterproof—not merely "water repellent." The latter are fine for general use but will soak through if you sit in a downpour for a couple of hours. United States Rubber has brought out some smart-looking coats that are guaranteed to be absolutely waterproof. The seams are vulcanized—a much stronger job than cementing—so that there are no stitches to act as wicks and take the water inside.

They use this construction in various styles of coats costing from five to twenty dollars in stores throughout the country. I liked three particularly: the Flyweight—about nine dollars—a raglan made of spot-resistant lawn which is so fine that the folded coat would occupy very little space in a suitcase; the Manhattan, another raglan made of sturdy storm cloth—seven fifty; and a gabardine trench coat which costs about twenty. This last, with a zipped-in wool lining, sells for about thirty-four dollars.

These coats passed my inspection because they are long enough to cover the knees, wide enough to shed water *away* from your trouser legs, have raglan shoulders that are easy to slip into, and are all made in light tan—the only smart color for raincoats.

The Flyweight alone might be enough for the Sugar Bowl or the Rose Bowl, but frost-bitten patrons of the Yale Bowl might do well to buy theirs large enough to fit over topcoats.

In the Roger Kent shops at Cambridge and New Haven they are selling a great many tweed raglans with detachable linings of plaid wool. Many department stores such as R. H. Macy sell separate wool linings with a packet of buttons that your wife can sew into your topcoat. She can get another packet of buttons and sew them into your raincoat so that you can use the lining with both.

Most of us want warm outer clothes that we can peel off when we get indoors. Our biggest concession might be a pair of long drawers such as

Cooper produces in cotton and various mixtures of wool. Even the thinnest gives considerable protection against wind whistling up your trouser legs.

A good heavy pair of shoes and wool socks are steps in the right direction. I saw some heavy socks made by Interwoven in which a percentage of cotton combined with the wool prevents shrinkage and increases wear; nylon at the tips of the toes strengthens these vulnerable points. In big bright plaids or sober solid-colored ribs, these cost one buck.

With heavy socks I find those walled-last shoes are good because the height around the forepart leaves room for the extra bulk. Most companies make some version of these. Bostonian's Norseam, a blucher of pliable calf, is a good example.

F. R. Tripler, the shop that introduced those Norwegian moccasins that seem to be kicking the saddle oxford out of our seats of higher learning, told me that three young men from Georgetown had their initials branded on the tongues of some they bought. They said that so many of the fellows were wearing them, they had a hard time keeping track of which were theirs. This monogramming might be an idea if you are planning to give a pair of these slippers to your son—or your grandpa—for Christmas.

Among the first wartime substitutions in men's articles is a shaving brush which has the tips of goose feathers, rather than badger hairs, set firmly in hard rubber. If all the other substitutes, due now any minute, work out as well as this Feathabrush, we shan't be too badly off. The feathers are easy on the face, whip up a fine lather, and should be durable if you follow the instructions to use the brush for lathering—not for scrubbing. They tell you to rinse out every trace of lather to prevent soap rot, to shake vigorously, and to hang with feathers down to dry.

☆ WATCH for the picture Tails of Manhattan, the biography of a tail coat from its first appearance on a Park Avenue playboy to its last on a share-cropper's scarecrow. Gene Fowler and Ben Hecht are writing some of the script. Edward G. Robinson will be the star of one of the episodes. In one of the final ones Rochester will play his first dramatic role—a minister—in a scene with Ethel Waters, Paul Robeson, and the Hal Johnson Choir.

Speaking of movies, this combination appeared on the marquee of the Windsor Theater: The Bride Came C. O. D.—Dressed to Kill.

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Sound Wizards

THIS IS HOW THE WAR GETS ON THE RADIO. THAT WHEEL AND CHAIN SET-UP MAKES THE SOUND OF MOVING ARTILLERY
SOUNDS LIKE A REAL BATTLE
ZAM!
MANUAL SOUND EFFECTS IN A RADIO STUDIO

IMAGINE! A BUNCH OF BROOM CORN SOUNDING LIKE A CRACKLING LOG-FIRE
HOW DO THEY SOUND OFF FOR COOLNESS?
CRACKLE
CRACKLE
CRACKLE
HA! HA! THAT'S EASY — JUST PUFF A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

MALLET ON GRAPEFRUIT GIVES SOUND OF BLOW

THE BEST WAY TO GET THE EFFECT OF A CONTENTED, HAPPY SMOKER IS TO LOAD HIS PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT. THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT SURE HIT THE SPOT FOR MILDNESS WITH GOOD TASTE
THAT GOES FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—WITH FASTER, EASIER, NO-WASTE ROLLING THROWN IN. THERE'S NO SPILLING, BUNCHING, OR THINNING OUT WITH P.A.'S CRIMP CUT

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

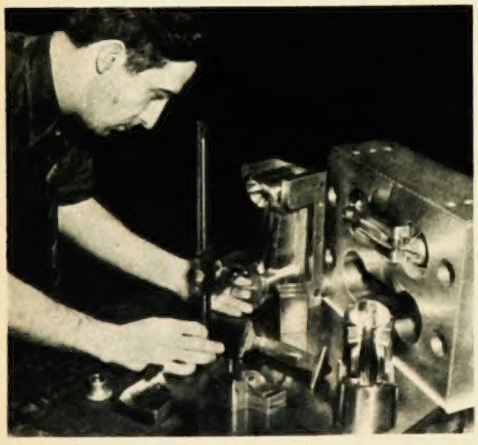
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

How close an observer are you?

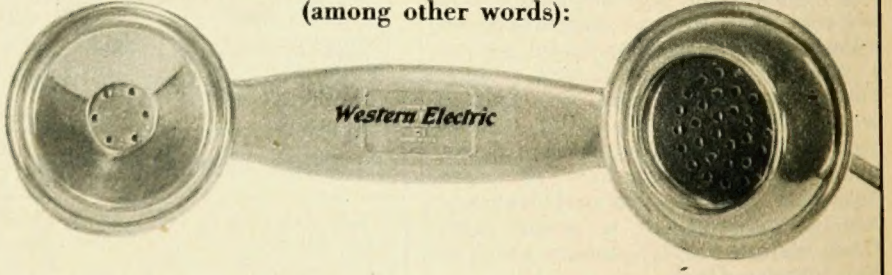
You probably handle nickels every day. Ever notice the wording on them?

Perhaps you handle a Bell telephone every day. What words appear on it?



This Western Electric worker is measuring a molding die used in making the telephone "hand set." Its size must not vary from the standard more than 5/10,000 of an inch—about one-fifth the thickness of this paper.

When you look at your Bell telephone you'll see (among other words):



The Western Electric name has been on telephones for 60 years, a symbol of quality in craftsmanship.

It's the name behind the whole vast network of Bell System equipment that you can depend upon to carry your voice clearly and quickly.

Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

NOVEMBER 22, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 47

MAY SHE ALWAYS BE RIGHT

☆ THERE is no longer any room in this country for anything except united Americanism.

The danger is too great for divided counsels. If we are to survive as a free nation in a world at war, the United States must be truly united. Any other course for us now is an invitation to disaster.

During these troubled years when the armed might of Germany has fallen upon Europe and blotted out all freedom, we in America have witnessed an unparalleled proof of our own freedom. Every man has had his say without let or hindrance. In the magazines, the newspapers, and on the radio all sides have been heard. No voice was silenced. No censorship has been imposed and all the freedoms of democracy have flourished in the very face of danger. The foreign policy of the President has been praised and denounced. The powers for which he asked have been debated by Congress and by citizens. The discussion has been ceaseless and, in spite of some deplorable lapses, has for the most part remained at a high patriotic level.

What, then, is there left to say?

We all know what the leaders of the administration think. The President has been explicit. So have the Secretaries of State, the Army and the Navy. We know, too, the views of Senators Wheeler and Nye and Clark. None of these leaders has any new basic facts to present. Their arguments have all been stated over and over again. If anybody has anything new to say, any new facts to present or new arguments to offer, then, in the sacred name of democracy, let them speak. If not, then, for the safety of democracy, for the good of our country, let them now hold their peace.

Clearly it is time for all the committees and groups that have sought to bring pressure on public opinion to close up shop and go home. It is the constitutional duty of the President of the United States to conduct the foreign relations of this country. He should now in these perilous hours be allowed to perform this grave and delicate function without the aid and consent of back-seat drivers.

By this, we do not mean to suggest that the American people should follow their leader with blind docility. We do not believe in docility except for trained animals. But patriotism must be put above partisanship. We may not like the way in which we have been led to our present position. But realistic fact is that we are in that position—a place of danger in a world at war. If we have anything worth fighting for, it is our right to be free, which includes our freedom to criticize our government. That we have always held onto in the very midst of war. We shall not lose it now.

But that freedom has to do with methods and not with policy. The great majority of Americans are agreed upon our foreign policy as President Roosevelt has repeatedly defined it. The time has come for us to unite behind the policy, to forget our family quarrels, and to stand together in our unconquerable might in the face of peril that seems to come nearer every hour.

There is no longer any room in this country for anything except a united Americanism.

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Frau Magda Goebbels and her husband, the Doctor," admire their Führer—in public.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Why did this Nazi beauty try to escape from the Reich? . . Here are the facts

☆ A GERMAN mother writes to Adolf Hitler: "My heart is filled with joy so that the first tears had to come. My son has died for you and our Fatherland. But I cannot but thank you, our great Führer, for all the things you have done which have made our Germany so glorious. . . ."

And it is not only one German mother who has written such a letter to the Führer. There have been many such letters from women whose sons or husbands have died for Hitler and the glory of the Fatherland.

There is something especially ironic about these women. The Nazis have said again and again that the woman's place is at home. She exists for the sake of the man—now, in wartime, the Nazi soldier. There is scarcely any prostitution in Germany any more. It isn't necessary. "A German woman does not say no to a German soldier," Berlin has decreed.

Yet it was these women, more than any one else, who helped Hitler come to power. His best helpers were the so-called unpolitical womanhood, the middle-class women who looked up from the ever more pressing difficulties of their daily life to Hitler as a savior. They became his most passionate adherents. Today they still are. How otherwise can we explain those letters by German mothers?

From these millions of women, a few stand out. Those who loved Hitler rued it or died of it. Those who wanted power were frustrated. Those who helped him were tossed aside.

Although every one knows them by name, hardly any one knows their stories. That goes for Magda Goebbels and for Emmy Göring. That goes for the dancer La Jana, and the movie stars Renate Mueller and Leni Riefenstahl, and the artists Margarete Slezak and Rosalind von Schirach. . . . There is Ribbentrop's wife, and Frau von Papen, and the powerful Berta von Krupp. There is the English girl, Unity Mitford. There is Princess von Hohenlohe, who declared before an English court that she had achieved "Munich." There is Madame X., the mistress of the King of Belgium, who was paid by Hitler; there is Countess Vera von Fugger, sent by the Gestapo to destroy Schuschnigg. There are the mistresses of the French politicians, and the daughter of Mussolini who betrayed her own country.

Some of them are dead; all are victims of a tragic error.

☆ MAGDA saw Hitler for the first time on a summer evening in 1927. Then she was Magda Quandt. Their first meeting took place on the estate of her husband in Mecklenburg. Hitler and Goebbels had driven there from Berlin. Dinner was over when they arrived. In the library they met Frau Quandt. She was beautiful—slender, with golden blonde hair and dark blue eyes. She had, though extremely young, all the poise of a great lady. When Hitler and Goebbels looked up at her, she saw only Hitler.

The Führer and his adjutant had good reason to be astonished. This beautiful woman was more than twenty-five years younger than her husband. But then, Herr Guenther

Quandt was rich enough to give a young wife anything she wanted. He belonged to the clique of industrialists who since 1926 had been subsidizing the Nazi movement as insurance against Communism. In addition, he had put at the Nazi leaders' disposal his numerous houses or estates.

He was in love with his young wife. Not being so young himself, however, he liked a quiet life. Of his own accord, he would hardly ever have left his estate in Mecklenburg. But Magda wanted to be where things happened. So there were difficulties. Sometimes he would give in, and the couple would move to Berlin for the winter season. But that only made it clearer to him that he was losing Magda more and more, day by day.

Early in 1928 he took her to the United States. They rented an apartment at the Hotel Plaza in New York. Years later he told a friend it was his last attempt to save his marriage.

At first Magda seemed impressed by New York. Quandt showed her Broadway, showed her the shops on Fifth Avenue, bought her anything she fancied. But in the final analysis this whole experience was nothing but a bigger dose of the life with him which did not satisfy her in Germany.

Only a few years before, Magda had been poor. She came of a middle-class family that had lost all its money during the war and the inflation. After her father had died, her mother had married again: Herr Friedlaender, a business man from Berlin. Through him Magda was introduced into a circle of intellectuals. She had quite a good time. For a long while she was almost exclusively in the company of a young Zionist leader, Arlosoroff, who later on, in Palestine, was assassinated by Arabs. Everybody thought she would marry Arlosoroff. But when Quandt appeared she decided for the elderly millionaire.

In New York things came to a head. Magda said, "America bores me. I do not belong here. I belong in Germany." Quandt was astonished, hurt. It took him years to see that he himself had shown her the way to get rid of him. For he had brought her into contact with the Nazis, and it was the Nazi movement that fascinated her.

After her return to Berlin, she was interested in only one thing: the Party. She devoted all her time to the Berlin Local Group (*Ortsgruppe*). She neglected her husband, her small son Harald, her household. She hardly ever spent an evening at home, was nearly always at some Party meeting.

And then she saw Hitler for the second time, at a meeting of the Women's Local Group in the Berlin Sportspalast. After he made his speech, she was introduced to him and to Dr. Goebbels. Before she could open her mouth, Goebbels said, "We have already had the pleasure . . ."

Hitler did not seem to remember that. But he invited her to come with him and other leaders to his hotel.

That's how it started.

In the weeks and months that followed, Magda could be observed almost constantly somewhere near Hitler. Whenever he was in Berlin, she would hardly move from the bar of the Hotel Kaiserhof, in which he had his suite. Sometimes she could see him for only a few moments, and even then he wasn't alone. But she was happy. All those who knew her said she had changed amazingly. She seemed younger.

When Guenther Quandt came back from a business trip to the Rhineland in February, 1930, his butler handed him a letter. It was from Magda: she had left him for good. He made a last attempt at reconciliation, but she refused even to see him. So he sued for divorce. The action took more than a year. Magda renounced alimony; she said she wanted only her freedom. But in the spring of 1933, shortly after Hitler came to power, Quandt was arrested. The official charge was that he had not paid all his taxes. He was fined a million marks, which he promptly paid. But among the higher-ups many knew that he also paid three times that amount to his former wife and her second husband.

After Magda had left Quandt's house she had become, unofficially, a kind of private secretary to Dr. Goebbels. All who knew her concurred in the belief that personally he didn't mean a thing to her. No man could mean anything to Magda, save one. Had she not burned all bridges just to be near that one man?

From then on, Hitler and Magda were seen together a good deal. She would go for the week-end to Berchtesgaden. She seemed to be in a state of profound excitement, to be expecting something to happen any day.

Then suddenly it was all over. It was as if all ties between them had been cut. What could have happened?

Nothing really had. But Magda had learned something—a certain awful truth about the Führer. She didn't talk about it then, in 1930; it came out eight years later, when she fled to Zurich, Switzerland. Then she told one of her former intimate friends about her discovery.

What she learned must indeed have been disheartening. Love — wasn't that something warm, sweet, tender? What had love to do with—cruelty? But the Führer . . . When she learned what his idea of love was, she understood that there were only two possibilities for her or any woman in love with him: to be destroyed or to flee.

Later it was said that Magda married Goebbels for practical reasons. She did—for the practical reason of a woman running for her life.

The marriage took place in December, 1931, in a town in Mecklenburg. Hitler appeared as best man. That was hardly more than fair, since but for him the marriage would never have taken place. But Dr. Goebbels did not know that at the time.

Magda was still ambitious. She could still be the first lady of Germany. Why not? Hitler would never marry; of that she was now pretty sure. At important meetings she would ask anybody who crossed her path what Dr. Goebbels' chances would be if Hitler came to power. When Hitler finally did so and Goebbels did not receive a Cabinet post immediately, she became ill. Then, when he was appointed Minister of Propaganda, she rapidly recovered. She moved into the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Even so, she didn't want to be merely Dr. Goebbels' wife. She per-

(*Continued on page 52*)

Hitler and Goebbels' Wife

BY CURT RIESS

who was a Berlin newspaper's managing editor when Hitler came to power. Then he went to Paris. In 1934 Paris-Soir sent him to the United States as its correspondent. Since France's fall he has edited the book entitled I was a Nazi Flier, has collaborated on the book containing Hitler's speeches, My New Order, and has written the lately published Total Espionage, a book about the Nazi spies and their antagonists.

A beautiful man dressed like a rose arrives through the window and dances for her.

BY
BEN HECHT

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

Specter of the Rose

Evil was in his boyish smile . . He danced in beauty . . and killed the thing he loved

☆ I HAVE to make up much of this story because it's something that happened inside of a man's head. I knew the man well. But knowing a man and knowing the inside of his head are separate matters.

A Russian once wrote, "The soul of another is always darkness." This is true about most people we know, even those close to us. The human mind, including the one we use ourselves, is an eternally unknown land.

But in writing of my poor dead friend I'm not dealing entirely with matters unknowable and unseeable. For there is a tribe of people whose secrets are more apparent than those of the rest of us, and whose mental underworlds are to be glimpsed by the veriest of strangers. These are the people who are medically identified as mad. My friend was one of them.

His name was André Sanine. He was young, he was handsome, he was a ballet dancer, and he was mad. He had the muscles of a tiger or a truck driver, the endurance of a sea gull, and the face of a smiling boy.

When I first knew him his madness had not progressed beyond the stage of charm. His character consisted seemingly of a single quality. He desired only to please people—not only people he knew, but everybody. A taxi driver, a waitress, a newsboy, a hotel porter, a property man, anybody's wife, mother, or uncle—André wooed them all as if he were a child plotting to locate the good graces of the world and snuggle in them. You would have sworn that this powerful and gentle youth owned a heart as innocent and overflowing with love as a valentine. You would have sworn it, and wondered why it was necessary to argue a thing that seemed so obvious. But that was always an interesting thing about André—he failed to convince you entirely that he was the André you knew. Yet my friend was so graceful, so reserved, and his eyes were so selfless and so full of a happy interest in everything they looked on, that people felt refreshed on meeting him, and when they got to know him better were ready to forgive whatever secret evil might lie hidden behind so pleasing a manner. For you could smell this evil. There was about André's youth the faint and bitter smell of decay that you can detect in some flowers when they are at their prettiest. Long before he became mad and revealed the evil that was in him, it was to be sensed. It lay somehow coiled away in his boyish smile, and you could get a glimpse of it moving dimly under his very wooing of you.

I doubt if any one was bright enough to see through André when he was the talented darling of the ballet. I know I wasn't. I found him at times a little disturbing, as too much charm often is. And I wondered at times why it was that, if André loved everybody and everything, he had nevertheless managed to avoid falling in love with one particular human being. This was curious, since many exotic young women I knew were always swooning at the mention of his name. Yet no scandal of any sort had ever attached itself to that name. I thought this not only curious but surprising. For André inhabited a world where scandal was the rule, where passion, hysterics, and intrigue were the commonplaces of every hour. This was the world of the ballet—whose inhabitants seemingly devote themselves only to grace and disaster.

The people of this exuberant world are to be seen in the rehearsal halls toiling like the damned in the development of every one of their fifty-odd sinews, leaping about bathed in sweat, paling with exhaustion, breaking their toes, ankles, and kneecaps—a little race of men and women incredibly dedicated to the pursuit of ruptures, of heart enlargements, and of major bruises. All these exhausting rehearsals flower a few evenings a year into a dance. On these few evenings the toilers are to be seen drifting about in colored spotlights as rose petals, autumn leaves, sylphides, peacocks, and genii made of smoke and magic.

Yet these people who have learned to move as if music and not blood flowed in their veins engage in amours often as graceless as those of the most backward of savages. Their matings, infidelities, and reprisals are full of scream and cruelty. It may be there is a connection between their austere and backbreaking labors and their sadistic romances, but I will forgo prying into it. I hint at all these matters only because they were André's background, and if you knew this background you could understand the glint of evil that touched his most boyish of smiles and the cruelty that seemed to sleep in his gentlest of words—and ignore it as only natural.

André's position as a dancer was in these first years I knew him more a matter of promise than fact. He was expert in all the leaps and sudden flashes of strength and balance the art of the ballet demands of its children as a matter of course. He knew the myriad steps and pantomimic movements that went with the various great tunes to which the ballets are performed—for these maneuvers are seldom left to the inventiveness of the dancer. They are usually a ritual handed down by the choreographers. André was alive also with that extra gleam of personality which, more than any other factor, ultimately separates the champions from the chaff in the ballet as everywhere else. And underlying all he did, even to the smallest of his day's details, was a love of dancing—a love so obsessive as to make him seem either less or more than human as do the yogis and lamas and the ancient saints.

Whenever I was with André where music played, were it only a barrel organ or a taxicab radio, he danced. He danced sitting still and with every muscle motionless. He danced inside himself, his mind moving about in leaps and convulsions. At such times André wore a sleepy and abstracted look and gave the impression that he had turned into a statue.

Thus equipped, this fragile-faced youth with the constitution of a truck driver might have made that skyrocket leap out of the ranks of promise but for the thing that happened to him—madness. It was a long time—a year at least—before I or anybody, except one person, had any idea of the mania that had come to roost like a vulture in André's head and to feed upon him, to devour his charm, his talent, and his bright smile. During this year that he had gone mad behind our backs, as it were, André worked hard and danced well, and continued to woo those he met, to beam upon and refresh hundreds of strangers. And the first rumor his

friends had of his coming darkness was entirely unrecognizable as such an omen. Talk came to me that André was in love with a pretty dancer named Maria Ivonova, who was not nearly as foreign or exotic as her name, having been hatched in Trenton, New Jersey, and raised in the home of a warehouse employee and an ex-stenographer—her parents.

André finally achieving a love affair was, in fact, pleasant news to his many friends, all of whom immediately considered the girl lucky beyond her deserts, for she was neither particularly beautiful nor greatly talented. As the year progressed I saw André and his Maria a number of times. I saw always a smiling youth who treated his blonde and rather innocuous sweetheart with the same grace and politeness he might have lavished on a dancing partner behind the footlights. But after several dinners with the couple I began to notice that André's Maria had acquired a wary look, that her manner toward my friend was too eager, too uncertain. And I began to suspect there was an André I didn't know at all, a behind-closed-doors André who was as far removed from a valentine as a war communiqué.

I read of this André one morning in the papers. He had choked Maria Ivonova to death in the middle of the night, and been found sitting quietly at her bedside in the morning and smiling to himself.

There was no doubt whatsoever from that morning on that André Sanine was a maniac. Even the police did not contest this fact. And André's trial as a murderer never got beyond his examination by the medicos. The doctors all agreed that André was insane, and supporting their finding was the diary poor Maria Ivonova of Trenton, New Jersey, had kept. In these almost childlike pages was found a record not of a lover but a monster. They revealed that since the first month of their marriage—a fact André had kept secret from his friends—he had been intent on only one thing: the murder of his bride.

☆ HE had begun with a series of jealous rages which had startled Maria into writing that André was unreasonable and that she would do everything she could to convince him that she loved nobody but him and was entirely true to him in all her thoughts as well as deeds. But apparently André's jealousy, so groundless and yet so necessary to him, was not to be reasoned with. It bloomed, it flourished on all of Maria's protestations and proofs of innocence. It grew big and dark and engulfed them both in something that could barely be written about—at least, not by Maria Ivonova. There were innumerable pathetic entries in the diary recounting nights of violence, screams and sobs.

She wrote in the third month a frightened cry of understanding. He was not responsible, she put down. He wanted to drive himself crazy, so that he could scream and mistreat her, because there was something in him made this necessary. And after he had hurt her he would fall at her feet and weep and ask to be forgiven. Then his face, grown strange in the night, would become familiar again. In the fourth month she wrote that he had begun begging her to leave him and save herself from his craziness. But she had refused because she loved him. And he was trying hard to cure himself. He worked so long and so hard that when he came home he could hardly sit up. He would fall into bed and go to sleep scowling at her and trembling as if something were shaking him.

Toward the end of the year she

wrote a dark little cry of love that I have never forgotten.

"How can he be so nice to everybody else?" she put down. "He must be two different men. I am afraid of him. I ought to leave him now. He cries all the time that I am ruining him with my badness. He says I am not to be trusted out of his sight and that I run after every man who looks at me. This is so untrue. But I can't tell him that any more. It only makes him worse. All he wants is that I should confess something to him. And when I have nothing to confess, he goes crazy and he loses control of himself. I know he will kill me, because that's what his craziness wants to do. But I can't bear to leave him even if he is a monster. Because sometimes he is still André. He still kisses me sometimes."

André was sent to a state institution as a man criminally insane. I visited him there occasionally, as did many of his friends. For a long time—years, in fact—these visits were more or less perfunctory. They were of no service to André—he was unaware of them.

I would come to his ward and watch him for ten minutes or so as he sat immobile before a long wooden table, his arms hanging limply, his head turned rigidly at an angle. He never moved. At such times I remembered how he had used to sit almost like that when music played and he danced inside. I wondered if this melancholy rigid figure were still dancing inside; for there was always music playing out of the ward's radio.

Many of his friends forgot André, for his fame had not been enough to make a legend of him. But a few of us continued to come to the institution to take note of his condition. And after five years we began to see that André's melancholia was loosening its violent fingers from his soul. André began to look at us and to remember us. He emerged slowly, as if he were afraid of the light into which he was moving again. He spoke and smiled once more—a little timidly. The doctors told me, however, that he had no memory of his crime and that the name Maria Ivonova was gone from his mind. It had sunk somewhere into the depths of his soul, together with the monster it had evoked.

☆ I WAS glad about André's improvement. I called more often. And he took to showing me drawings he had made of dancing figures or of curious whirling patterns which he explained shyly were the essence of dance movements. He drew them always while the radio played.

The authorities finally allowed him a phonograph and I was permitted to bring him records of his favorite ballet music. He asked only for three—the Faun, the Blue Bird, and the Specter of the Rose. I was told that his condition had improved basically and that there was some chance of his being released. The doctor explained to me, however, that as long as his crime remained hidden from him and the name of Maria Ivonova out of his mind, André could not be considered sane, no matter how plausible all his speech and actions seemed.

André's charm began to reassert itself. Every one who came in contact with him now began to feel, as of old, refreshed by his presence. Innocence was again returning to his smile, and the authorities grew eager to help him. Thus encouraged, he began to plan his return to the world. These plans consisted at first only of daydreams and drawings. He dreamed and he drew dances. He had selected the three ballets—the Faun, the Blue Bird, and The Specter of the Rose—to practice and to dream about.

"I am," he said to me, "going to be like Nijinsky was. I am going to dance his ballets. They are letting me practice now. My elevation is better than ever and my beats are a great deal improved. I am very good. I dance very well. I never get tired. And besides," he added, smiling sadly, "I have something else in me."

I asked him what that was.

"Atonement," said André. "I must atone for what I have done. I can only atone by dancing. I am unfit for living. I have learned this. I am fit only for art. I will atone for having been so bad by dancing better than anybody ever did in the world. Wait and see!"

When André told me this, I knew for the first time he had remembered Maria Ivonova.

He was thirty-six years old when the doctors, who had come to adore him, declared that he was sane enough

to return to the world. And after fourteen years of exile André returned. Many things had happened in these fourteen years — among them the fact that the world had gone mad. Wars had swept nations out of existence and shaken the soul of man into a rage and a confusion almost unparalleled in all history.

But none of these things had happened to André. He returned to the world he had left. Neither politics nor cannon had touched it. It was an inner world so serene and pretty that André, living in it again, seemed madder than he had ever been. Still, it is unfair to consider a man a lunatic because he refuses to participate in the lunacies of others. Just the same, I was worried about André from the first night we dined together in our once favorite restaurant. I watched him go to work in the rehearsal hall and went to concerts with him, and tried to assure myself that André was sane. Nothing had aged in him except his smile. His face was still a boy's, his body still leaped like a cat and a sea gull and seemed full of smoke and magic.

But his smile appeared to wear a little crutch. It appeared to lean on his mouth.

"You mustn't worry about me," he said one night. "I am entirely better. I understand myself. There was something bad in me. But it's gone. Or anyway it's buried so deep it will never rise again. I won't let it."

Then he leaned over and whispered with a smile, "I won't let it."

☆ ANDRÉ delayed his return to the ballet. He rehearsed constantly, bought costumes, and spoke of nothing else. But I began to feel that André, with all his rehearsing and planning, was never going to dance again. It is that way sometimes with artists who dream too deeply and aspire too high. They outstrip their talents. They sit like birds dreaming of the moon which is too far away to reach, and their wings, accordingly, remain folded. I don't know if there are any such birds, but there are such artists—rehearsal halls and attics full of them. André had become one of this tribe of "not good enough yet to start" geniuses. Other dancers dropped in to watch him practice. They clucked with excitement over his work, pronounced him head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, but seemed to understand perfectly his need for more practice.

After five months André turned up one evening at my studio with his new partner. Her name was Nina. She was young, blonde, shy, and shapely. We sat for an hour trying not to show our nervousness. I was nervous because Nina reminded me of Maria. André was nervous because he knew what I was thinking. And Nina was nervous because she was obviously entranced with André and hoping that his oldest friend would approve of her. I didn't. I wouldn't have approved of Genêt or Pavlova as a partner for André. I would have preferred never to see him smiling gracefully on any woman again.

"Would you like to see a performance?" André said, after we had talked for an hour.

I turned on the phonograph. It played the Specter of the Rose. This is a ballet in which a young girl returns home from a ball, falls asleep in a chair, and dreams of a beautiful man dressed like a rose who arrives through the window and dances for her. She rises in her dream, dances with him, returns to her chair. And the beautiful man spins and soars about her, and then, to a final burst of music, leaps out of the window and her dream.

I was full of admiration for the performance. There was no question about it—André was that thing apart, a body made to dance. His technique was invisible. He leaped as if he were floating, and he still seemed to float as he returned to his feet. He gave you the confusing impression that his body was so light it had more difficulty remaining on the ground than capering in the air.

That was the last time I saw André dance. It was also the end of my friendship with André. After this visit he became fugitive and mysterious. He took to rehearsing in out-of-the-way halls. Tracked down in one of these, he vanished again. He moved from his small hotel and his address became unknown. He was to be seen occasionally dining or making a purchase in one of the special shops dear to the ballet people. He had not disappeared out of the dance world but removed himself to its edge. And here he hovered like a shade—but not a lonely shade, for Nina was always beside him.

I thought several times of notifying the doctors who had become so fond of André about his new love affair. But I knew that André saw them every month. If he had lied to them about Nina, my uncovering the lie would mean his return to the asylum. This stopped me. I remembered also André's whispered promise that he would not let anything happen.

This is the part of the story now that must be made up—the part that happened in André's head. He married Nina as he had Maria—in secret. They were married the night they danced in my house. And Nina loved him even more than had Maria. For she was simpler and had no inkling of the inside of André's head. She failed to see the vulture return and the darkness come again.

She has told me since of how deeply André loved her. She remembers his love as something rather mad but wonderful. She lived with him as if they were two people alone on the moon. And to the end she never knew that it was not love but murder that lay beside her.

☆ HE used to spend the night trembling and weeping, with his body curled into a ball beside her and his hands clinging to his strong ankles. When she asked him why he wept, he answered her always that it was because he loved her.

All day he danced in various dusty rehearsal halls. She danced with him, performing over and over again the three ballets he was forever preparing. He wore out dozens of phonograph records, bought new ballet shoes, went into debt for fresh costumes, and sat up half the night drawing pictures of figures leaping and of whirling patterns. And when he was so tired that his head fell forward, he came to bed and curled himself up in a ball and lay trembling beside his bride. And of all this struggle with the vulture come to feast again on his sanity poor Nina had only one memory—a memory of being loved.

André was keeping his promise. He was not letting it happen again. But why did he remain with her when the thing began? Why did he keep her at his side when he knew that murder was again in his hands? He must have seen the strangeness of his face in the mirrors before which he practiced constantly. He must have felt the evil back in his heart, and unreason, like a goad, tormenting him. His need to cry out the hatred he felt must have eaten at his throat.

The answers to why he remained are difficult to make if you think of André as he seemed—a smiling, eager lover of life, full of charm and gentleness. But there was another André. This other André lay for months locked away in a ball, and the André I knew wept and trembled with the agony of keeping him there. The André I knew lay in the dark, night after night, saying to himself that he was a dancer and not a murderer, that he was meant to dance and not to kill.

And dance he finally did. I have the story of his performance from Nina.

Due to a lack of money, they had moved into the servants' quarters of a large midtown hotel. André knew one of the managers. The room they occupied was small and furnished with only a bed and a dresser. It was directly under the roof and forty stories above the street.

They lived here on the manage-

(Continued on page 53)

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Blood of the Dragon

☆ HARLAND SIMPSON, H.L.7 of the United States intelligence service, enlists the aid of Li Su-Chang, a beautiful Chinese girl, to help trap Nag Yat, who he suspects is head of a conspiracy against the United States. Nag Yat, posing as a Korean business man, has offices in a house next to the Golden Peiping Cabaret where Li Su-Chang works. He is really Chinese and Li Su-Chang remembers him as Lao Lum, the brutal war lord who murdered her father in China and drove her mother to suicide. She has planned to kill him, but Simpson convinces her she can benefit both China and America by pretending to love him and gaining his confidence.

Simpson, pretending to be a drunken derelict, has already come into contact with Nag Yat who, reasoning that a man lacking in principles may be useful to him, has told him to report to him for a job. Simpson, to lull any suspicion as to his identity, has had the news of his own death reported over the radio.

Nag Yat's plot, Simpson believes, concerns dope. But how dastardly it is he doesn't realize until he gets a telephone call from Li Su-Chang, who has become Nag Yat's mistress. She tells Simpson that the conspiracy has to do with a way to strike at every American soldier in the draft camps. "Go on," urges Simpson. But there is no answer from the other end of the wire.

PART FOUR—INSIDE LOOKING OUT

☆ THERE had been no sound at all—no thud of falling body, nor even the click of the telephone receiver being hung back on its hook. One moment Harland Simpson had been listening to the sweet and terrified voice of his beautiful Chinese ally, Li Su-Chang. She had made one startling statement—the plot they were both seeking to fathom somehow involved the drafted men of our new American armies. And then, as if some sudden enemy had gagged her, she had stopped speaking.

"Hello, Li Su-Chang! Hello!"

No answer. Just the silence—thick, clogging, terrifying.

What was he to do?

He did not know from where she had called. Not from her home, he was sure. Some car—she knew the danger perfectly well—might be listening in behalf of Nag Yat.

No. She was in some telephone booth—one of the many thousand in New York City. But which one?

Should he flash the operator? It might break the connection.

Or should he call from the phone in his bedroom, start an inquiry to trace the call? It would mean long red tape to unwind, and by the time he had . . .

A voice—a man's voice—along the wire cut into his thoughts:

"Hello! Talking to somebody on this end, were you?"

"Yes, yes—a Chinese girl!"

"She fainted—here in the booth."

"Where?" Simpson asked eagerly.

"Singer's drugstore. St. Nicholas and 125th."

"Do what you can for her. I'll be right over."

But when, disguised as a kindly elderly physician, with white beard, spectacles, and bag all complete, he reached the drugstore, Li Su-Chang was not there. She had been taken to the Severance Hospital. Simpson drove himself there and found her in the emergency room, just regaining consciousness and protesting that she must get up and leave at once.

"Heart attack, Dr. Shelbourne. Nasty one. Not unique, of course, to have a sudden collapse like this in a heart that has no previous history. Yet—"

"You seem puzzled," said Simpson.

"I am. In all my experience, I've never seen such an attack. It's as if—well, it looks to me like the effect of some powerful drug."

Drug! . . . Dope! . . . Nag Yat?

These thoughts were pounding through Simpson's brain.

"I'd like to talk to her," he said.

He followed the other to the high table where Li Su-Chang lay under the bright lights. His heart contracted as he saw her—helpless and lovely.

His disguise was so perfect that she did not recognize him. He bent over her, pretending to listen to the stethoscope pressed against her breast, and whispered, "Don't be shocked! Take it easy! I'm Simpson."

A smile curled her lips.

"I might have known," she mumbled—"I *should* have known—that you'd come to me."

"What happened?"

"I fainted."

"Did you eat anything—or drink anything—before the attack?"

"No. I—oh"—she hesitated, her voice was a mere breath—"I could not eat—this morning."

With a pang, Simpson understood. Last night, and at his urging, she had given herself to Nag Yat, the man who had killed her father and had been responsible for her mother's suicide. So there had been her black grief, her red shame. . . .

Simpson cursed H.L.7, the service which took everything.

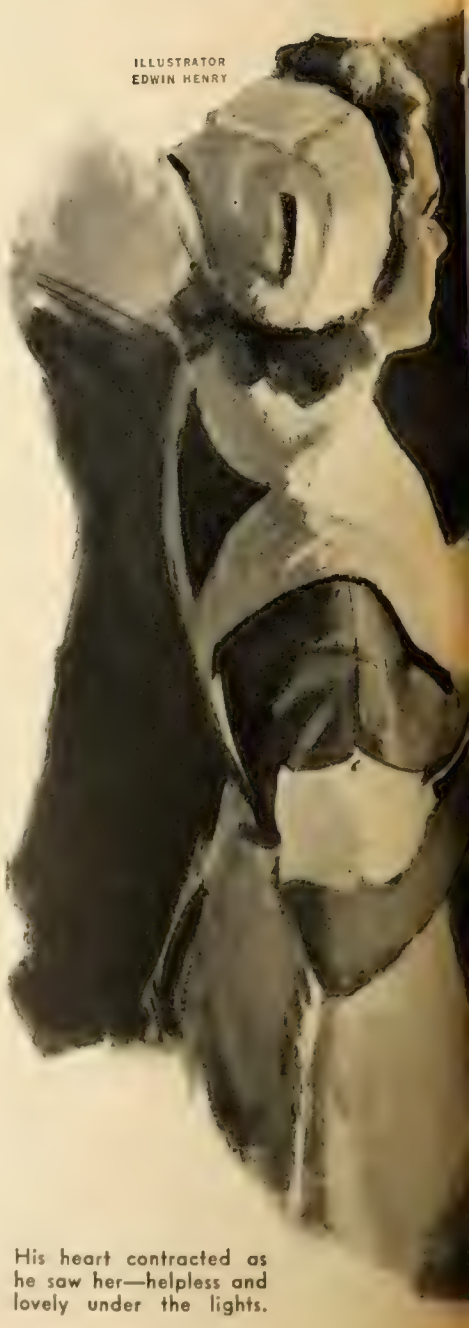
"Listen!" he went on. "When you were in the booth, did you—well, chew gum, by any chance?"

"No, but I was smoking a cigarette."

"And the attack came after you lighted the cigarette?"

"After the first puff."

Simpson leaned forward. "Did



ILLUSTRATOR EDWIN HENRY

His heart contracted as he saw her—helpless and lovely under the lights.

Nag Yat give you that cigarette?"

"No. I bought the pack in that drugstore just before I called you."

He was conscious of profound disappointment. For those two exciting seconds he had felt on the track of some positive evidence. Now he realized there could be no connection. But he asked one more desperate question: "Did Nag Yat know you were going to that drugstore?"

"No. I took a cab down to 125th Street and chose a store at random—so I would feel safe."

Bleak disappointment in that. The chances were a trillion to one that Nag Yat could have influenced the cigarettes Li Su-Chang had bought in that drugstore. Yet, as one day in terror and dread he was to find out, Nag Yat had done exactly that.

Now, from this end of the investigation, matters had come to a halt. For a week or so Li Su-Chang would have to remain in bed. But in the meantime she must keep eyes and ears open.

"They'll send you home in an ambulance," Simpson explained. "I'll have Macdonnell call up Nag Yat, tell him he's a hospital attendant." He turned to go. "Anything else you have to tell me?"

"Yes. One thing. I think Nag Yat is going to Yucatan soon. He looked at the map last night for quite a long time. And then he mentioned that he may have to leave town. And then he laughed—oh, a dreadful laugh!"

"Not imagining things, are you?"

"No, no. If you could have heard!"

"Well, it's up to you to find out more. Call him up tomorrow morning at his office from your sickbed. Around a quarter after ten. I'll be there. He'll be flattered—you so ill and bothering to telephone. And—know what 'pumping' means?"

She gave a little laugh.

"I ought to know—the way you've been pumping *me*."

"All right. Try it on Nag Yat."

Harland Simpson went back to

Greed for world conquest, a girl . . and a cigarette. How do they fit together?

BY

ACHMED ABDULLAH

Singer's drugstore and into the booth in which Li Su-Chang had fallen ill.

He found a cigarette, and the orange-red stain of the mouth end told him at once that it had been used by an Oriental woman. It was not too much to assume this was the cigarette Li Su-Chang had smoked. He found a match in the booth, too, and a little dump of ashes, and gathered them all carefully into separate envelopes.

Before the day was over they were all under analysis in the technical laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice at Washington.

At the Waldorf-Astoria, later that morning, Harland Simpson sat with his helper, Jim Macdonnell.

Simpson was completely altered in appearance now. He had changed

back to the same pale, reckless, defiant tramp who had come to terms with Nag Yat behind the railing of a police night court.

Macdonnell surveyed his superior with a disapproving eye.

"You look like you'd slept in your clothes, chief," he remarked; "like you hadn't shaved or washed."

"Your powers of observation are extraordinary, Mac."

"What's the idea?" demanded the other.

"The idea is that, at ten, I'm seeing Nag Yat. It wouldn't do to have changed from a drunken bum to Lucius Beebe since he saw me."

"That's right," admitted Macdonnell. He helped himself liberally to scrambled eggs. "Tell me. Who's goin' to get your job, now you've kicked the bucket?"

"Gordon Sunderland. Yesterday, when I wired him, I gave full instructions how he should act."

"Never thought of me—eh?" grumbled Macdonnell.

"You'll be more valuable here."

"Aw, soft soap!"

"It's the truth, old man. Washington, for the next few months, will mean a lot of dry-as-dust routine. But New York will mean guts—and hair-trigger shrewdness."

"Well," calmly, "I have both."

"There's something else you have."

"Yeah?"

"Plain field - and - garden gall." Simpson laughed. "Phone Lincoln Wong, the waiter at the Golden Peiping, will you? I want his report for last night as soon as possible. Want to find out if Nag Yat went to the cabaret before he called on a certain lady." He rose. "And don't budge from here until you hear from me."

"O. K., chief."

☆ SIMPSON took the subway; got out at Times Square and walked to Sixth Avenue and up. He strolled along, smoking a cigarette.

He was not a man given to flights of fancy, yet, as he thought of the coming interview with Nag Yat, he became aware of an eerie sensation that touched his spine with clay-cold fingers; and—so he put it later on—in spite of the taut resistance of his intelligence and the scoffing of his practical common sense, he experienced that mysterious psychic adventure when the brain tries to leap backward across the abyss of time.

And today—here, absurdly, in the midst of New York's tame, warm, comfortable dirt and cheerful, noisy vulgarity — Simpson crossed that abyss. It was to him as if suddenly his consciousness had receded into the dim past, many lives, many centuries ago, and he saw, with his mind's eyes, a bloody battlefield on Europe's eastern frontier. Saw himself one of the Christian knights, wielding sword and lance against the Asiatic invaders; and Nag Yat one of the latter, the yellow-skinned, flat-nosed, cruel-mouthed horsemen of the Mongol horde, galloping out of the east, burning, looting, killing. . . .

"Can't yer see where ye're goin'?"

He had bumped against a man.

"Sorry."

☆ HIS mind swung back sharply to the present. New York swirled about him.

New York—up-to-date, full of pep. Unlike the dark medieval towns which the Mongol invaders had razed.

For this, he thought, was the twentieth century. Things had changed. Standards of living had improved. People had more sunshine, more gaiety. And they had radios, automobiles, telephones, bathtubs, heating, a thousand short cuts to comfort.

But were they less simple at heart, or less decent?

And was the Mongol horde less the Mongol horde, though no longer entirely Mongol in race?

A newsboy crossed his path.

"Extry!" he shouted. "Extry! Germany invades . . ."

Why, whatever the color of its skin or shape of its nose, whatever its claims of descent, Nordic, Roman, proud Samurai, the horde was still the horde; was still motivated by the same obscene and fantastic greed for world conquest, world mastery, complete and ruthless world enslavement; still slapped Jesus Christ in the face with its old tenet that might is right; still burned and starved and killed.

And in America . . .?

Not yet, reflected Simpson, the burning and killing. But already the poisoned spearhead of propaganda. And there was one more weapon: the dreadful and cowardly weapon of dope, which was being forged behind the gaudy exterior of the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

Was it dope, he wondered, which had caused Li Su-Chang's heart attack? And would it strike others as it had struck her?

☆ HE shivered, although it was a warm day with a soft breath of spring in the air, as the cabaret came into view; as, squeezed in between its bulk and the larger bulk of a motion-picture palace, he saw the shabby little brownstone house where he was supposed to meet Nag Yat.

From reports assembled by Macdonnell, Simpson now knew something about that house.

The building was both an anomaly and a landmark in the Roaring Forties. A relic of former days, when this part of New York had been a residential district, it had been kept out of the hands of the real-estate development firms by the stubborn will of an old Knickerbocker lady who had steadfastly refused to sell and had continued to live here with her decrepit English butler, decrepit Swedish maid, and decrepit French poodle.

Then, a little over a year ago, she had died, leaving all her property to her widowed son-in-law, Count Manfred von Dennewitz, a Prussian aristocrat.

He was a political refugee who, ever since his arrival the previous autumn in New York, had received a great deal of sympathetic newspaper publicity and had become popular in social circles. For he was bitterly outspoken in his denunciation of the dictator-ruled nations; frequently addressed anti-Nazi meetings; had been beaten up on three occasions by members of pro-Nazi associations.

And yet, the detective wondered as he approached the corner, Nag Yat had his office here, in the little house which belonged to von Dennewitz.

Again—was it merely a coincidence?

Simpson turned into the doorway. He saw a card stenciled with the legend: "Nag Yat, Imports."

He went up the creaking stairs. As he climbed he made up his mind to instruct Macdonnell to talk with some of the leading real-estate firms and get the low-down on how the house came to be rented to Nag Yat.

And there was something else he would do.

For, last fall, when von Dennewitz had come to America, the intelligence service had gone into his antecedents. Proof had been obtained that for long months Count von Dennewitz had been in a Silesian concentration camp, where he had been brutally treated and whence he had escaped by the skin of his teeth.

Well, the safe at H.L.7 headquarters in Washington held a complete dossier of the case. He would have Jim Macdonnell go over it, checking and double-checking.

☆ BY this time Simpson had reached Nag Yat's office on the second floor; had come—he reflected, quite melodramatically—to the spider's web. Without being challenged by a single guard. No private police visible. Strange? No, because Simpson knew he had been watched by unseen eyes since he mounted the stairs. Nag Yat was not unguarded!

Then Simpson grinned. Spider's web indeed! He told himself that it was not the spider which had invited the fly to step into the parlor but the other way around.

He knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

He entered. The large paneled room in which he found himself was simply furnished with half a dozen chairs, a couple of steel filing cabinets, and a long oak table covered with swatches of colorful Canton silk and a number of little packages that, doubtless, contained tea samples.

A flat-topped desk was in front of the window. Nag Yat sat there. He did not seem at all sinister. Indeed, in pepper-and-salt worsted suit, white shirt, and dark blue knit tie, horn-rimmed spectacles, he was very much the sober, prosy business man.

He looked up. "Yes?"

The detective came nearer. "You told me," he said, smiling ingratiatingly, "to be here at ten." He leaned against the desk; saw, stuck in a corner of the blotter, a sheet scrawled with Mandarin hieroglyphics. "Right on the dot. That's me."

Nag Yat yawned. "Sorry," he replied. "I've changed my mind."

Simpson was taken aback. While this would not mean upsetting all his calculations, he had hoped—

But a second later he knew better. For his sharp eyes had glanced more closely at the memorandum sheet. He had been unable to make out all the hieroglyphics. But he had recognized some of them: one which stood for *chui* and meant drunk, and another which stood for *kam fan* and was the equivalent of prisoner. Here, then, were words surely intended to remind the Chinese of this interview.

And the man's statement that he had changed his mind . . .?

Window dressing. Wanted to make Simpson fidgety—and Simpson decided to play it the other's way.

"You"—he whined—"you promised me a job."

"I know. But I can't be bothered just now. I'm leaving town. Maybe later on, after my return . . ."

The detective sighed. "I knew there'd be a catch to it," he complained. "Always my stinking luck."

He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly; shuffled toward the door; turned, as Nag Yat called out, "Wait!"

"Yes, sir?" eagerly.

"Come here."

Simpson approached. Nag Yat stared at him with chilly scrutiny.

"I gave you money the other night, didn't I?" he asked.

"You sure did. And it was darn white of you. I paid my room rent. Blew myself to a square meal."

"Might have bought yourself a cake of soap. It would have cost only ten cents. You," brutally, "look like a pig—and smell like a goat."

The detective advanced.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, no longer obsequious but truculent, threatening, and knowing exactly what he was doing and why. "I'm a bum. Right. And you're rolling in the dough. But," clenching his fists, "there are some things I won't stand for, you—oh"—more loudly, with well simulated rage —"you lousy damned Chink!"

☆ MOMENTARILY there was silence. The other's oblique eyes narrowed to slits, and the detective wondered if he had overplayed his hand.

He felt relieved when suddenly Nag Yat roared with laughter.

"I," said the Chinese, "am glad."

"You're *what?*"

"So very glad. Because, you see," he continued in his precise, slightly stilted English, "if you were nothing but a beggar, whining for alms, swallowing insults, you would be useless to me. But—and I thought so last night when you faced the judge, am convinced of it now—you have still a spark of manhood, of courage. And, at times, courage is needed in"—slowly, significantly—"all sorts of business."

Simpson suppressed a grin. No, no! he had not overplayed his hand; he had created the very impression he had intended.

Nag Yat opened his pocketbook, took out a hundred-dollar bill and handed it to Simpson. "Here. An advance. You will get yourself some new clothes, pull yourself together. I," with a thin smile, "being, as you said, a lousy Chink, object to dirt—in my servants." He leaned forward. "You *are* my servant, aren't you?" A pause. Then, violently, "*Aren't* you?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Simpson.

"That is good." Again Nag Yat smiled. "Buddha! It is so amusing for a Chink to have a white servant."

There was another short silence. Both men were thinking. The detective reflected that, so far, matters were progressing well.

By calling Nag Yat a Chink—and there were few grosser insults to a Chinese—he had got deeply beneath the man's skin; had, so illogically, prepared the way of getting into his confidence. For Nag Yat, being a Mongol, had lost face; would make every effort to cause him, the white man, to lose even more face—he had proved that, already, by referring to him, contemptuously, as his servant —and would, by the same token, to show his mastery, to demand and enforce obedience, tie him more and more closely to his service . . . and that would mean a growing intimacy and, ultimately, confidence . . .

And Nag Yat was thinking, He is Harland Simpson and he is on my trail. He thinks I believe the story that he is dead. Well, let him think so, for a while!

"Don't forget," Nag Yat went on aloud, "what I mentioned the other night—that I am harsh with disobedient servants. That I strike when I suspect—ah—even *before* I suspect." His accents regained their calm smooth level. "You will report here for work a week from next Thursday."

He waved a hand. The interview evidently was over. But the American was not yet ready to go. Must be fifteen minutes after ten. Another minute or two and Li Su-Chang should be on the wire, calling Nag Yat from her sickbed; pumping him—as Simpson had instructed her—about Yucatan.

He'd have to stall for time.

"What," he inquired, lowering his voice to a confidential purr, "is my job going to be? I suppose calling on the retail trade and," with a broad wink, "selling silk and tea?"

"Confucius said," was the reply, "that silence is the best answer to a fool."

☆ JUST then the telephone rang. Nag Yat lifted the receiver. "Hello? Ah, not little Plum Blossom . . ."

He turned to Simpson; pointed at the door.

"A week from Thursday," he repeated.

"All right."

Simpson left. He stopped on the landing outside and listened tensely.

He knew a good deal of Chinese and, judging from Nag Yat's answers, he guessed at what Li Su-Chang was saying and was able to reconstruct almost the whole conversation.

Nag Yat was distressed that she should be calling him from her sickbed; and, too—just as Simpson had expected—he was flattered.

Had the nurse come? Good. The small Plum Blossom would be well looked after.

Eh? No, he was desolate, but he could not see her all day, nor tonight. He had so much to do. And he was leaving town tomorrow, Saturday morning, and would be gone a little over a week. What present could he bring her?

That depended on where he was going.

Well, he was going to Mexico, to Yucatan. . . .

A shawl? Yes, he'd bring her a shawl, a lovely one. . . .

The click of the receiver. And Simpson hurried down the stairs. He was sure now where Nag Yat was going.

He left the house and walked down the street.

He wondered if, already, Nag Yat had arranged to have him shadowed. He had a detective's second sight in that respect and was reasonably certain, presently, that so far the Chinese had given no such orders.

Still, it was best not to be too sure. Best, also, to show that he had noth-

(*Continued on page 50*)

20 QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinquetea, just back from his vacation, got all twenty right.

1—Why did U. S. Secretary of Treasury Morgenthau refuse to buy a defense stamp in Boston recently?
2—What is a "Pyrrhic victory"?
3—What notable feat was recently performed by the U. S. battleship North Carolina?
4—According to psychologists, does the average man reach the peak of mental efficiency between eighteen and twenty, thirty-five and forty, or fifty and sixty?
5—"Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" was a question asked by whom?
6—How did the white elephant become the symbol of things large and useless?
7—Which U. S. President consulted a "Kitchen Cabinet"?
8—Did Elias Howe, Isaac Merritt Singer, or Thomas Edison invent the sewing machine?
9—A lady made a small cake. She gave her son half of it the first day, half of what was left the next day, and each day thereafter half of the remainder. How many days went by before all the cake was gone?
10—What part of America is called the "Inland Empire"?
11—What agricultural product little heard of in this country a few years back has been increased so greatly because of the war that it is rapidly becoming one of our chief crops?
12—A destroyer leaves Florida, goes through the Panama Canal. What body of water does it enter when it leaves the canal? You'll be wrong if you say the Pacific.
13—Did George Washington hold any federal office after his retirement from the Presidency?
14—What government board is designated by the initials NDMB?
15—What English nobleman was largely responsible for the rules of what sport which ranks among the most popular in the U. S.?
16—Is the calendar now used known as the Julian or the Gregorian calendar?
17—Did any one literally ever "pay through the nose"?
18—The first U. S. naval war was undeclared. Against whom was it fought, and what was the cause?
19—What is the mean, and what is the median, in the following series of numbers—2, 3, 4, 5, 6?
20—What famous tennis player holds an important dollar-a-year job in national defense?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

She had a Man O

"If the sergeant isn't ordering me around, some woman is," said Steve . . "I'll stay in the army"

☆ KAY WELLING worked hard during the summer of 1941. They were short of nurses at that Eastern city hospital. Some of the younger graduates had joined up for army service. There were summer vacations on the calendar, and the supervisor of the floor for women had left for three months' absence. Miss Larkin, the superintendent of nurses, asked Kay to fill in there. Kay had been as busy as she wanted to be as a special nurse at the hospital, but, like most Elm Street graduates, she had a loyal affection for Miss Larkin. So for the time being she became the youngest supervisor in the old red brick building. She was, as Miss Larkin had known she would be, conscientious in whatever concerned the patients. She was efficient about doctors' orders. Strict with the probs. Pleasant but a little formal with the patients' relatives. And oddly, unjustifiably lenient with Nellie, the middle-aged diet-kitchen maid who made things harder for Kay by not showing up about one morning a week.

"I was to a funeral, Miss Welling."

Glib and untroubled. Enjoying her gum. Sallow under a violent magenta hat. That was Nellie coming in at noon or later. Kay put up with it. Nellie was the lapse of her hard young judgment. The lapse that betrayed her need to be indulging some one. Kay didn't think that out. Sometimes she wondered why she stood between Nellie and dismissal. Running a floor like this was a demanding and difficult job. If she had not taken it on she would have been on vacation as the weather grew hotter. And in that event, as she saw when she came to look back on this time, she wouldn't have come to know Steve Harrison. Steve brought his mother to the Elm Street Hospital on a very hot day toward the end of July.

☆ STEVE had been in an army camp for six months then. He had been burned brown by the Southern sun and drilled into chiseled leanness by the time he made his first trip home in a day coach. He had a ten days' leave. It was scarcely long enough, he thought, for the things he wanted to do, the people he wanted to see. But the most important thing ahead was to persuade his mother this was the time to have her appendix taken out. Dr. Paget had warned her that the chronic condition might become a critical one without much notice, and still his mother was inclined to wait. It wasn't fear, Steve discovered when he came home, just indecision. By the time he had got her to consent to the operation, there were only four days more of leave for him. He had hurried the arrangements then.

Characteristically, his mother's greatest worry seemed to be about the icebox. She couldn't make up her mind whether to turn it off or leave it connected. She could never make up her mind easily about anything.

"Turn it off," Steve told her. "You will be away for ten days and I won't be around much."

Mrs. Harrison was grateful. "It's wonderful to have you here to decide things, Steve. And you do it so easily. I wish I could. You were always the practical one, dear. Now, Paul is more like your father was. Sort of a dreamer."

Steve knew that his brother Paul was dearer to his mother for that reason. But Paul was already married when their father had died, and that had left a lot of things up to Steve. He had left college and gotten himself a job selling fuel oil. He still had a few hundred dollars that he had put aside out of that modest living, but his mother needed help to carry their small house. Steve had come home from camp pretty certain about two things: The period of training for drafted men would be extended; and he would come out of the army with his money used up. Neither prospect frightened him. But he was glad he wasn't married or tied to a girl. All that had to wait.

"I'll see to the icebox, mother. It's time we were starting."

"Don't hurry me, dear. I promised to call Aunt Grace."

Steve took her suitcase and smaller bag out to the car and eased himself into waiting.

"We're to go around and pick up Grace," his mother told him when at last the conversation was ended. "She's going to the hospital with us."

Then Harriet, Paul's young wife, drove up. She was very bright and modern about the coming appendectomy. "It's much less trouble than a permanent wave, you know." She kissed her mother-in-law's cheek. "We'll drop in tomorrow. Cheers, darling—" She slid back into her car. "Steve, I told Sue we would pick her up around nine tonight. The floor show out at Jack Castle's goes on at ten."

Steve nodded in agreement. "I'll be back here long before that." He was looking forward to the evening. Sue was his girl for the week. But she knew he didn't mean it and she didn't care. She was in love with a captain.

"Steve," said his mother, "should I take my knitting?"

☆ MISS LARKIN, making her rounds in the hospital, reached Kay's floor a little after noon.

"Dr. Paget has an out-of-town patient, a Mrs. Harrison, coming in around three. He wants an inexpensive single room for her. I am wondering if we could have Six ready by the time she comes in, Kay?"

"I'll have it ready," said Kay.

The patient in Number Six was leaving as soon as her tray was served. They both knew it upset the schedule of the floor to get a room scrubbed in a hurry. Miss Larkin was pleased with Kay. She could think and act promptly.

"We haven't time to talk this over now, Kay, but I do want to say that I would like you to stay on here in the hospital. I'll give you an easier floor this fall." Eventually Kay would make a fine supervisor for the private wing, Miss Larkin thought. She needed more experience, of course, but even now she had the poise and tact developing that would adorn the private floor. And Kay had always worn her uniform with something of the same air that people associated with those lovely color posters of nurses, the kind that could raise money. She had the same gallant fair brown hair, the wide-set blue eyes. On the private wing, Kay would be a valuable asset.

Kay was pleased and rather touched. She knew she wasn't going to stay. "Please don't think I am unappreciative, but I am not certain about this fall," she said. But it had come to her suddenly that she was certain; that she really intended to marry Dave Hubbell. Perhaps she had actually made up her mind two weeks ago when she visited her married sister. Dave had driven her out to a new real-estate development.

"How would you like to live over here, Kay?"

And looking at the pleasantly spaced brick houses she had thought it might be a very good kind of life here with Dave. He was ten years older, but men were said to be more indulgent toward younger wives—toward second wives. And she liked

Her Mind

They were alone on the floor, he noticed suddenly. "The music seems to have stopped, Kay. When did that happen?"

BY CLARA WALLACE OVERTON

Dave. I'm almost twenty-five, she thought. I have to make up my mind. Now she decided she had done so.

"We will talk it over later," suggested Miss Larkin, with a smile.

☆ IN the office at three o'clock Mrs. Harrison answered the usual questions. Her full name. Her address. Her age was fifty-three. "You never looked that until lately," said her sister, Mrs. Spencer. "But you do look badly today, Charlotte."

Steve wished that Aunt Grace hadn't chosen to come along, since she was in this gloomy mood. He put in a word to say that he was taking the bags up to his mother's room now.

"What floor is it on?" he asked.

He found the way without difficulty. Six must be almost at the end of the corridor, near the desk. There was no one at the desk, but the door of the room was open. A girl in a white uni-

form was making definite bands in a crisp white spread on the high bed. She looked fair and cool. She turned upon hearing him, and her eyes were what Steve called straight blue. "I'm Steve Harrison," he said, putting the bags down. "My mother is being admitted now. Are you her special?"

"No. Mrs. Harrison won't need a special nurse until tomorrow."

"Do you look out for her today?"

"Yes, until seven o'clock."

Steve nodded. "I want to talk a little bit about this afternoon. Mother's sister came along today, and she seems to be playing on the gloomy team. Can't you keep her sitting out in the hall most of the time?"

☆ KAY said matter-of-factly, "There are orders from Dr. Paget for this afternoon. Tests for the lab. They take a little time."

"That's nice of you."

"It's routine."

"Well, let's have a good helping of it. And I'll try to tie up Aunt Grace in a dice game. . . . You're Miss Welling, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Steve walked toward the door as if to leave, but he paused there. Turned around. She was now adjusting the window shades. The second one was too high for her to reach easily. She had a nice stretch. "Let me do that," he said. She thanked him, and he brought it down, evened it out just to show her he knew how to do things. She wasn't looking. She was moving a glass water tray from one place to another.

"What is your favorite sandwich?" asked Steve. He had the satisfaction of fixing her glance on him. She smiled a little.

"If this is a commercial, I don't know the right answer. You'll have to award the prize jar of tasty filling to some one else."

"It was just a voice contest," said Steve. "Your hospital rule-book voice and this one. I'm voting for this one."

He let that do for an exit line, but he wasn't very pleased with himself as he walked away. She is really interested in her work and you are not very funny, he told himself. And right now she's telling herself that she doesn't care whether you like her voice or not.

Kay wasn't. She had left the room to fill the pitcher with ice water. I probably do sound wooden, she thought. He notices about everything.

Presently Mrs. Harrison and her sister were shown to the room. "Look at that high bed, Charlotte. I hope you won't fall out." Kay began to see what Steve Harrison had been talking about. By the time she had helped with the unpacking she concluded that he was justified in thinking that Aunt Grace was gloomy. Mrs. Spencer hoped that Steve would never be sorry for rushing his mother to the hospital in this weather. "The way he drove, I thought we wouldn't live to get here. And I have to ride home with him. I hope he understood that I have to be home by eight thirty. Miss Judd won't want to sit outside."

By this time Kay knew that Mrs. Spencer rented a room to Miss Judd, who regularly went off without her key. She knew that Harriet and Paul and a girl named Sue all expected Steve home before eight thirty because they were going to Jack Castle's. She knew, too, that Mrs. Harrison thought her son looked handsome in uniform.

Kay didn't know how Steve looked in a uniform. He wasn't wearing one today. He was rather darkly good-looking. She recalled that as a first impersonal impression of him, together with the quick judgment that he was likely to get what he wanted. He hadn't returned yet. Outside, Kay sat down at her desk.

A letter from Dave had been left on the blotter. It wasn't long. If she was free next Sunday, he would drive down to see her. He ought to make the two hundred miles by noon. "Shall I buy another car?" he wrote. "We shall both need one, won't we?"

Kay put the letter aside and went to the diet kitchen, where the probs were busy with midafternoon liquid nourishment. Nellie had not come in today. Kay looked into the steam plate warmer. The bread-and-butter plates were there. She had guessed correctly why the patients had been served with melted butter at lunch.

"Now, if you were ill, would you enjoy that?" she asked the probs.

They listened with downcast childishness. "No, Miss Welling." Except little Miss Nash, who said "yes" because she was confused.

Kay let that go and left them, quite aware of their relief. She did a routine check of floor supplies while her mind was busy making her decision about Dave into pleasant pictures. A car to drive. Little flowers spreading over rock. An electric waffle iron. I'm very fond of Dave, she thought now—

"Yes, Dr. Paget," she said; "Mrs. Harrison is in."

☆ STEVE was there too, and Mrs. Spencer. Kay sent them both away with a pleasant promise: "There is iced tea, or coffee, or fruit juice on the porch."

Later, when she was at her desk, she saw Steve carrying a tray of empty glasses to the diet kitchen. Kay finished a written order for floor supplies. I might write Dave a note, she thought. But she didn't get that done, because Steve Harrison came and sat down near her desk.

"I think you will be pleased to know that the butter plates are cooling off in the icebox," he told her.

"Was that your idea?"

"More or less. It seemed simpler than holding them under the cold water for the rest of the afternoon. The little Nash was getting tired of that, anyway."

Kay's telephone rang then, and immediately a crisis took over the day. An ambulance driver and the house doctor lifted a girl from a stretcher to the bed in the emergency room.

"Landlady discovered her," said the doctor. "She had come in early this morning and taken all the sleeping pills she had."

They went to work quickly, impersonally, yet determinedly. Kay forgot the heat and her own uneasiness as the fight to save the gilt-haired young woman went on.

They had at last begun to make progress when seven o'clock came and the night nurses took over the floor. Kay still had the day's report to write up before she was through. The hot bright early evening crowded the corridor, lighted up the hall outside. With surprise Kay saw Steve Harrison sitting there on a bench. "The dining room closed ten minutes ago," he said. "And you have had no dinner, and I have had no dinner."

"I'm not hungry," said Kay.

"Maybe not, but I am. So I suggest we just merge the situation and drive out to the Blue Kitchen."

"But aren't you supposed to be starting home with Mrs. Spencer?"

"Not without my dinner. Aunt Grace has had a tray in mother's room, but I've been waiting for you. So let's go first and you can make all these excuses afterward if you must. Pick you up in ten minutes in front of the Nurses' Home."

☆ I CAN'T imagine how the army is getting along without him to plan things, thought Kay as she exchanged her uniform for a short-sleeved blue dress. But she felt less tired already—and hungry enough for the hamburger dinner at the counter of the Blue Kitchen. It tasted very good, eaten under whirling fans to a five-cent tune. She even ate pie along with Steve. He put another coin in the machine. They had another glass of iced coffee. But Kay kept an eye on the clock. She didn't intend to have him late.

"It looks as if we had about exhausted the resources of this place," she told him.

"What's your hurry? Have you a date?"

"No; but Mrs. Spencer is probably getting anxious."

"If the sergeant isn't ordering me around, some woman is," said Steve. "I might as well stay in the army."

They talked more seriously about the possibility of that while they were driving back. "Do you think they will keep drafted men in the army longer than a year?" she asked.

Steve shrugged. "We're in, and nobody knows for how long. The only thing I am sure of is that it will be long enough to leave me broke. That's why I'm glad I'm not married. When I marry, if I ever do, I'll be a private citizen, not just one of the sergeant's little men."

"You would want to be home to run things," said Kay.

"That's right. I want to wind the clock and all that."

They were turning into the hospital driveway. Steve drove to the entrance of the nurses' wing and stopped.

"About tomorrow morning," he said

(Continued on page 54)

Mr. Wheezie

At this point poor Mrs. Wheezie fainted dead away.

BY STEPHEN FANE

Our new hero (remember him?) gives you more of a gagman's private life. 7,761 is pretty good

☆ WE were sitting in the Infidelity Room, Mr. Wheezie, the radio gagman, and I.

For two days Mr. Wheezie had been regaling me with anecdotes about woman's inhumanity to man, and we had reached only No. 7,476 (Female Division).

"Take this little number, for instance," he was saying. "It combines infidelity, drunkenness, and the British Isles. It can't miss."

No. 7,476 (Female Division) turned out to be about a handsome American in London who was having himself a time with a very, very British Britisher's comely young wife. The erring pair had dined well and wined better, and were relaxing in the lady's boudoir when the telephone rang.

Unsteadily the American reached for the phone, to be met by an indubitably British voice, the husband's, making the inevitable British inquiry: "Are you there?"

"Am I here?" replied the American. "If I'm not, I'm missing a hell of a good time."

You will gather that my lugubrious neighbor, Mr. Wheezie, having once permitted me to penetrate into the private life of a gag writer, was taking over for the duration. And you would gather right.

But why he should have chosen the Infidelity Room—so called because it housed some 10,000 jokes on marital turpitude—as the take-off point for our cruise into gagland, I do not know. Surely he couldn't have thought that Stephen Fane, one of Nature's bachelor noblemen, would be interested in such a topic!

Anyway, I was relieved when Mr. Wheezie showed signs of sparing me the remaining 2,524 jests about husbands and wives who had obviously been very bad little boys and girls, and I made a mental note that a fellow, to become a successful gagman, didn't have to be a wit but a scavenger.

"We will now," said Mr. Wheezie, "pass into the Infirmity Room. This is the second largest division of our little collection. It contains about 8,800 jokes on deafness, bashfulness, laziness, drunkenness, etc., etc."

I ran my eye along the rows of green filing cases.

"'Old Age,'" I read from one of them. "I see you have that listed under infirmities. Old and infirm jokes, I suppose, about old and infirm people."

"Not all of them, although some are, as you say, rather feeble. You know, the old man, and added playfully: cop and tells him she has to go to Brooklyn. And the cop says, 'Madam, are you asking for directions, or just telling me your troubles?' Then there's this one, No. 1,112, about the boy who had a letter of introduction to a veteran admiral.

"'So you've joined the navy,' said the old man, and added playfully: 'Fool of the family, eh?'

"'Oh, no,' said the boy. 'They've changed all that since your time, sir.'"

Some of them, though, seemed newer than these. No. 7,761, for example, was about a dinner party for which guests were invited to represent the title of some famous book. An elderly lady was unanimously awarded first prize when she appeared with a large picture of the Dionne quintuplets pinned across her gown. She represented Sinclair Lewis' It Can't Happen Here.

Mr. Wheezie told this last one with some relish. I even thought I detected a gurgling sound somewhere down in his emaciated framework, but it never attained the throaty dignity of a laugh. I have never heard Mr. Wheezie laugh. I never expect to. But he *was* gurgling.

I, however, refused to give Mr. Wheezie even the satisfaction of a gurgle. His thwarting of all my efforts to tell my favorite fish story still rankled.

Finding myself opposite the "Drunk" files, an imposing array, I slipped my hand into one of the drawers and came up with one about a tipsy guest who staggered down to his hotel's desk late one night and demanded a change of room.

"But you already have the best room in the house," expostulated the clerk.

"I don't care. I want another room and I want it quick."

The clerk changed him from 506 to 508; but as the fellow started contentedly back to the elevator, curiosity overcame him.

"Tell me, won't you," the clerk asked, "why you don't like 506?"

"Sure," said the drunk. "The damn thing's on fire."

This sort of thing, I realized, could go on forever, and had; but I was in no mood to falter in the presence of the enemy. Down went the Fane fist again and up shot the classic about the sophomore who met his college dean some two miles from the campus, said soph being strictly cockeyed.

"Young man," said the dean sternly, "do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the sophomore, "but if you can remember where you live, I'll take you home."

Mr. Wheezie, I knew, was watching me narrowly, but I never batted a lid.

"You wouldn't be interested, I suppose," said he peevishly, "in the one about the boy whose mother said he would have been four years older if his father hadn't been so bashful."

"I suppose not," I said. "Is it good?"

Mr. Wheezie was now shuffling busily through the first filing case at the left of the door, presently coming up with No. 1,648 (Deafness Division), which told about a young man trying to introduce his fiancée to his bishop.

"Bishop," he said, "permit me to present Miss Dinglefoogle."

"Excuse me. I didn't catch the name."

"Miss Dinglefoogle."

"I'm sorry, but what did you say the name was?"

"Miss Dinglefoogle."

"I give it up! My deafness must be getting worse, but it sounds like 'Dinglefoogle' to me."

I had no difficulty refraining from gurgling at that one.

☆ MR. WHEEZIE snorted with rage. "Perhaps this is more your style," he growled. "A critic, after saying all the bad things he could about a new musical comedy, ended with, 'Well, I have knocked everything except the knees of the chorus girls, and God anticipated me there.' "

"Knock-kneed chorus girls have never been my style, Mr. Wheezie," I replied with dignity. "Besides, I know a much better critic story than that."

"Presently," said Mr. Wheezie.

"Now!" said Mr. Fane.

The story wasn't exactly a new one, but it always had been good: "An amateur quartet played Brahms here last night. Brahms lost."

Said Mr. Wheezie: "We are not musical."

Just then Mrs. Wheezie stepped into the room, and gave me a commiserating smile. Then, to her husband:

"Why not tell Mr. Fane the story about President Harding's dog, Laddie Boy, growling at Senator Jim Watson? It's filed in the Cat and Dog House." And she gestured toward a room on the right.

"He wouldn't like it," groused Mr. Wheezie.

"I always liked it," I insisted.

My intention had been to be courteous to my hostess, but I immediately realized that I had fallen slightly short of the mark. Whereupon Mr. Wheezie, noting my embarrassment, forthwith told the story.

"Warren," said the senator, "do you think that dog is going to bite me?"

"He will, Jim, if he knows you are a United States senator."

☆ OBVIOUSLY Mrs. Wheezie was sorry that she had brought the matter up, so, always the little gentleman, I sprang to her assistance with the one about the man in the restaurant who yelled to his waiter:

"Why does that dog sit there and watch me like that?"

"I guess, sir, it's because you've got the plate he usually eats on."

Encouraged by my chivalrous attitude, which is traditional with the Fanes, Mrs. Wheezie piped up:

"I know a little dog story, too. It's No. 932 in that further file. It seems that Harold, aged five, had spent his first day in school, and his mother was anxious to know how he had gotten on.

" 'What did you learn, dear?'

" 'Didn't learn nothin'.'

" 'Well, then, what did you do?'

" 'Didn't do nothin'. A woman wanted to know how to spell "dog," and I told her. That's all.' "

I laughed pleasantly—the first time, I'd be willing to bet, that such a sound had ever cleaved the grim silence of the Wheezie home. Mr. Wheezie was obviously shocked.

"And speaking of schools," I said, "did you read that one about the little boy who brought home a picture of Abraham Lincoln which he had mounted on a sheet of cardboard?

" 'Did your teacher tell you anything about this man?' asked the boy's father.

" 'Yes, she did,' replied the youngster. "She said, "Paste him in the middle." ' "

Mr. Wheezie drummed impatiently on the metal top of a filing case, and Mrs. Wheezie, always tactful, moved to distract him by reminding him of the Finance file.

"Perhaps Mr. Fane would be interested in some of your Scottish jokes," she said.

Before he could speak, I slipped in one of my own.

"What are ye askin' for a room the night?" said Sandy to the innkeeper.

"Seven shillings on the main floor, six shillings on the second, five shillings on the top."

Sandy shook his head. "Na, na, mister. Ye've a fine hoose here, but it's nae near high enough."

And Mr. Wheezie, waxing almost human, told the one about the two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, who were charged with street fighting. Their battered features bore out the charge, but they denied it vigorously.

"We wuzn't fightin', yer Honor," said Pat.

"Course not," agreed Mike. "We wuz just tryin' to sip'rate one another."

And Mrs. Wheezie, charming woman, told the one about the back-countryman who had his hogpen under his house.

"You shouldn't do that," said a visitor. "It isn't sanitary."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so, but we ain't lost a hog yet."

And all three of us having told a story, and nobody having laughed, I thought to myself—or was it Shakespeare who thought it?—that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it." But I had little time for philosophizing.

"You haven't seen the main collection yet," Mr. Wheezie was saying, leading us into a huge room lined and aisled with filing cases. "Here we keep everything that doesn't fall naturally into one of the other divisions. For example, husband-and-wife jokes which do not come under Infidelity, such as 'In spite of the saying, "Don't take your troubles to bed," many married men still sleep with their wives.' And high-brow jokes. You know:

" 'Who's there?' said St. Peter.

" 'It is I,' said the applicant.

" 'Get to hell out of here. We have all the Harvard men we can stand already.' "

Mr. Wheezie, I knew, had struck a rich vein — Harvard, Boston. There would be no stopping him now.

"I am reminded," he was saying, "of a story."

"Indeed!" I said, and kept a sharp eye on Mrs. Wheezie, who was showing unmistakable signs of complete exhaustion.

"Yes, it's about a Boston schoolteacher who asked her class for three sentences using the word 'beans.' These were the replies:

" 'My father grows beans.'

" 'My mother cooks beans.'

" 'We are all human beans.' "

At this point Mrs. Wheezie fainted dead away.

"Mr. Wheezie," I said, when we had carried the poor woman up to her bedroom, "your wife needs a complete rest. Here is a box of sleeping pills I always carry with me."

"When shall I give them to her?" asked Mr. Wheezie.

"Don't give them to her," I said. "Take them yourself."

"That," gasped Mrs. Wheezie from her pillow, "is No. 8,642 (Medical Division)."

"Right!" said Mr. Wheezie. "And that reminds me of the one about the pretty nurse and the doctor. It seems—"

But I didn't stop to listen. I grabbed my pills and ran!

THE END

Have we exhausted Mr. Wheezie's joke collection? Not by a long shot! Stephen Fane will have more for you in an early issue.

Bug doctor

Are criminals sick men? If so, can they be cured?

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

This "bug doctor" realizes that parts of his story may seem incredible. He has given fictitious names to the prison and every one connected with it. When appointed, he expected its Warden Knight, a famed humanitarian, to allow him a real opportunity to cope with criminals' mental ills. Yet its hospital's director warned him that dull officials would hinder him, and Knight was or seemed to be continually away on lecture tours, etc.

In time, his success in keeping a young prisoner from joining in a sensational attempt to escape gained his "bug doctoring" some credit in official eyes. But not in those of the principal jailer, who ran Glen Alder when the warden was away—and the doctor was to catch the "P. J." in the act of tossing in a rope, with taunts, to a prisoner bent upon suicide. Thereupon he resolved to see Warden Knight himself at last. He was invited to the warden's house for dinner.

In the space underneath, he had lived for the two weeks. Larry had been passing him his food.

The Story of an Alienist in Prison as told to AVERY STRAKOSCH

PART TWO—THE WARDENS WHO LIVED WITH LAUGHTER

☆ WARDEN LAWES of Sing Sing (now retired), who is responsible for so much that is good in our present treatment of prison inmates, sees the incarcerated criminal as a man—a human being who happens to be in prison. This is the humanitarian approach, and to a large extent I agree, but I go a step further. To me, the inmate is a sick man. My duty as a psychiatrist is to examine into that sickness and to attempt to cure it, if possible.

So I think it is easier for the inmate to be natural and honest with the psychiatrist, once he realizes that the doctor wants only to help him, than it is for him to be so with a prison warden, however humanitarian.

These are some of the things that went through my mind as I walked up the mountain road from the prison gates of Glen Alder to Warden Ira J. Knight's home. For at last I was to meet him face to face.

When Frank Rista, the inmate butler, opened the door, I realized with some surprise that I was not to be a lone guest. A large living room was crowded and noisy with talk, loud laughter, and clinking glasses. Later, around the dinner table, I counted eighteen men, visiting wardens from other prisons. Many of them were pretty tough-looking and all were quite military in bearing.

As I entered, Warden Knight came to me through the crowd. His voice boomed forth: "Bless my soul, gentlemen! I do believe it's our new psychiatrist, Dr. ——!"

He smiled, held out his hand, introduced me to them all, and left me.

"So you're the bug doctor they've been telling me about," said Warden Messager, who ran Sleepy Valley Penitentiary. "Nice juicy bit for the papers."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Warden Tolliver of Wayburn Prison, laughed. "Don't be a dope," he counseled. "You won't do any one's publicity any harm. That is" — he glanced around to make sure Warden Knight was out of hearing — "that is, of course, if any one was interested in getting publicity . . . know what I mean?"

I pretended not to. I was working for Warden Knight. "I think you're like all the rest of them, warden," I said quietly. "You underestimate the value of mental treatment. Most prisons try to cure *effects*. The mental

specialist tries to determine what the *cause* is. Once you find that out, you're on more substantial ground."

Messager laughed. "We'll see just how substantial your ground is, once you run foul of the P. J. here." Then, as he read the look on my face: "I see you've already locked horns with him. Well, take my advice and soft-pedal. A job is worth more than an idea." He lowered his voice. "The P. J. runs this place here. Some one has to."

In American prisons and jails there are political appointees and career men. These wardens seated about the long dining table were like characters in a satirical drawing by Daumier. As they talked you could see that they had but one thought: to avoid trouble of every sort; to prevent escapes or riots inside their prisons, and political criticism outside. Was this true also of their host, Warden Knight, the much publicized humanitarian? The public certainly thought not. I had thought not myself. Now, my mind going back to what had been said about him when I came in, I began to see his progressive measures as publicity stunts for Glen Alder—meaning for Warden Knight.

Was I, myself, just another innovation to create favorable publicity?

Why was it impossible at such a place as Glen Alder to segregate the first offenders from older inmates experienced in crime? Why was it considered more important, at that moment, to put up a large building to segregate a few notorious hardened criminals who had turned state's evidence, to protect them from the possible vengeance of their associates? With special guards, it seemed to me, these men could be well protected in the regular cell blocks.

Then there ought to be other ways of making an impression on a prisoner's mind than putting him into solitary. In fact, that was the surest way *not* to get into his mind.

☆ IT was Larry Franco I was thinking of. He was an interesting type, a type hard to understand and harder to handle. I had first met him three months earlier. In his late thirties, he was a sullen man with blond hair and dark smoldering eyes. His face was a mask, but the burning quality of his eyes showed through it occasionally. And sometimes those eyes glowed with hatred.

His trial, as a notorious bootlegger and gangster, had been a country-wide sensation. My routine examination of him got me nowhere. "Go ahead and ask me anything you want, if it amuses you," he said, with no trace of feeling. "It wouldn't shorten my sentence, would it? So why should I answer your questions?"

"I'm sorry you look at it that way," I said. "How can we find out anything about human beings, about what troubles them, if we don't ask them questions?"

He laughed, but it was mirthless. "Why don't you get yourself a guinea pig if you want to experiment? Why bother me? I'd rather be left alone."

"Oh, the lone-wolf type, eh? Master-mind stuff!" I smiled. "I used to go for it too, when I was in high school."

He grinned back sourly. "Go ahead and call me names. You've got me where you want me. I've got to listen. It's safe. Larry Franco can't do anything to you now."

"Oh, now you're the cynical type!" I threw back at him. "With a touch of world bitterness because things caught up with you when you were being one man against the world!" This was the only way to talk to him. He was impervious to everything but ridicule, and the way to loosen his tongue was to make him mad.

☆ HE ignored all friendly overtures. Even so, I frequently invited him to my office. One day he came in while I was talking on the phone. I happened to use the phrase, "legal authority." The words were hardly out of my mouth before he cursed loudly and spat on the floor. A few moments later he opened up, and I discovered the meaning that phrase had for him: it meant the judge who had sentenced him to Glen Alder. That judge had been one of his swankiest, most flagrant customers since the beginning of prohibition!

I sat listening to a torrent of obscene words. When he paused for breath, I said, "You're right. A judge like that ought to be thrown off the bench. But I'm not a judge, and I didn't send you here, Larry. I'm trying to help you."

"I don't need any help," he said. "If I did, I wouldn't look for it in any of these front offices."

That was as much as I could do for him.

Before he took up crime by way of prohibition, he had been an art teacher in high school. Later he had taught art and advertising layout in a business school. I spoke of celebrated modern artists. No dice. I asked him whether he wouldn't like to teach art in the prison school. He was supremely uninterested. He wanted to get out, and he wanted nothing else.

When Curly Bromwell disappeared, Larry was celestially unconcerned. Curly was his pal. They had known each other in the old days, before coming to Glen Alder. Any inmate's disappearance is an astonishing thing: there are four roll calls a day, and many intermediate ones for special details. Curly was left fielder on the baseball team, which was to play a semipro team from a near-by town. When the team assembled to go on the field, he asked the guard if he could get a cup of water. He was given permission, and when the players were checked off, he was not among them.

There was an immediate alarm. No one believed that Curly had got beyond the carefully guarded walls. But an exhaustive search of the prison failed to reveal him.

Larry happened to be in my office.

"You're going to miss Curly," I suggested.

"Not as much as the team will," said Larry evenly. "He was a sweet hitter."

"He isn't going to do the team much good now," I said. "The season'll be over by the time he gets out of solitary."

"They'll have to get him first," said Larry.

The days went on and they did not get him. The matter was hushed up, for obvious reasons. As time passed I observed a curious tenseness in Larry. I put it down to his affection for Curly. It was still believed that Curly was somewhere in the grounds or in one of the numerous buildings. If so, it would be only a matter of time before they would catch up with him.

Two weeks passed. I had called the P. J. on the phone on a routine matter. He talked to me in that patronizing way of his. I heard his door open and a voice speaking to him. Straightway he got so interested in what was being said that he put the phone down, off the hook. I could hear every word.

"Well, chief, we can lay our hands on Curly," said a voice I recognized as that of one of the guards.

"What's that?" boomed the voice of the P. J., and that was the moment he laid the phone down. "Bring him in! I've got a little something that'll interest him, the so-and-so," and so on and on.

It seemed they did not have Curly at the moment. But they knew where he was. He had worked his way from the subcellar of the old laundry through an ancient sewer pipe that ran into the old cell building close to the river. The sewer led him directly under Larry Franco's cell, and it was there that he was lying while digging his way on through. Larry had lifted one of the old stone blocks that covered the floor of his cell, and in its place he had fitted a wooden panel cleverly painted to resemble the stone. Underneath, in a space three feet high, Curly had lived for the two weeks. Larry had been passing him his food.

☆ ANOTHER inmate had been taken into the plot, and the three had been all set to make the break tonight. But the third fellow had weakened and "leaked."

"I'll get a detail and bring them in," said the guard.

"Take it easy," I heard the P. J. say softly. "Take it easy, me lad. Is it goin' to be tonight they'll be reachin' the river?"

"That's right."

"Fine! Let them get there! Have six guards with rifles waiting to meet them. They've been plenty of trouble around here . . . we'll never have a better chance of getting rid of those babies! The minute they hit the water, let 'em have it!"

I hung up, knowing that in a moment the P. J. would remember my

(*Continued on page 62*)

Are Football Players *Tramps?*

It seems we misunderstand about the collegians and their money . .

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

☆ THE subsidizing of football players still flourishes and probably always will. Athletic scholarships are handed out from coast to coast, often under the very noses of those who condemn the practice. This despite the somewhat terrifying furor created by the now almost forgotten Carnegie Bulletin No. 23, the repeated efforts of educators, and the work of athletic commissioners in various conferences.

One could name on the fingers of two hands the institutions that do not subsidize players. Those that do, justify their actions on the basis of necessity. It costs money to run an athletic plant, a stadium, a team. A losing team makes little money. A winning team assures another year's carrying charges for the entire athletic program.

There is a great deal of misunderstanding as to the character of subsidized athletes, the amount of assistance they receive, and the mechanics of the practice.

Only recently I heard a man say he hoped his college would never arrange a game with a certain well known Eastern institution because the latter had a lot of "tramp athletes" on its football team. I happened to know quite intimately most of the very boys to whom he was referring.

Some of them were first-generation Americans of impoverished families. Others were from families in modest circumstances, and a few of them had rich and affluent parents. The last-mentioned accepted the scholarships because they were offered to them, and they figured it was just good sense. All of them were fine young fellows, eager for an education, studious, gentlemanly, and serious-minded. They were playing football as a means to an end. And they were getting a lot of fun out of it even though they were scholarship men, or "paid athletes."

To appreciate the part subsidizing plays in the college world, one has but to compare the attendance at the Pittsburgh University team's game last year and the year before with the figures for those years when Pitt admittedly hired its talent. People lose interest when a team is not repeatedly a winner.

College football today has a problem it never faced before—pro football. If the local college teams are weak and uninteresting, the fans swing over to the pro game, where they think they can get more for their money. Last fall the Giants-Brooklyn Dodgers Sunday game outdrew the combined local college games of the previous day. Colleges feel they must subsidize to compete with the pros.

That players receive fabulous salaries in addition to their board and books is pure fabrication. Colleges

(*Continued on page 60*)

Pictures *you ought* to see

By Howard Barnes

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

HOWARD BARNES

★★★½ BIRTH OF THE BLUES

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The movies have never really got the hang of putting on musical shows. They can enlist top-flight stars. They can knock your eye out with spectacular effects. They can get the best music and have it played by the best bands in the country. But there's usually something missing. A song-and-dance carnival which has bounce and color on Broadway generally grows anemic when it reaches the screen. If original material is employed, the result is too often either a pompous pageant or a collection of vaudeville acts.

It is good news, then, that Birth of the Blues is a honey of a show. The stars are present—Bing Crosby at his best and Mary Martin at her most captivating. There are knockout settings and costumes and elegant songs, bridging half a century of popular hits. What is most important is the fact that the design of this musical is original and so is the treatment. Although it's chock-full of tunes, the numbers are never lugged into the plot. On the contrary, they form an essential part of the story, as the picture describes the origin of jazz back in 1910.

The film shows a kid clarinet player ducking Mozart to hang out in Basin Street in New Orleans, and play hot licks with darky improvisers, back at the turn of the century. Skipping down to 1910, it describes his efforts to get a hearing for a new musical idiom. Romance is introduced smoothly in the person of an attractive singer who learns how to make it hot with a tune. Comedy is sustained throughout and there is a touch of underworld melodrama to tie off the action in a smashing climax.

Even in the theater, story and musical accompaniment have rarely dovetailed as neatly as they do in this show. You can call the dramatic background of the picture slight if you wish, but it is always believable and engaging. Even the ending, in which the boys sneak out on an irate cabaret owner to take an engagement in Chicago, leaving a phonograph playing in their stead, is first-rate melodrama. Meanwhile there are the musical numbers, which would have made Birth of the Blues a captivating movie in any case. They are not always in period. The title song, for example, was not on the hit parade of 1910, but there are such old favorites as Cuddle Up a Little Closer, St. James Infirmary, Waiting at the Church, and Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie mixed in with more recent numbers, including a new Johnny Mercer ditty called The Waiter, the Porter, and the Upstairs Maid.

It takes players who can both act and sing to put over a musical show. Birth of the Blues has them. Bing Crosby is at his very best, which is saying plenty, as Jeff Lambert. He sings magnificently and acts with easy assurance. Mary Martin is right up there with him in the singing and performing. It is certainly her best screen performance to date. And then there are Brian Donlevy, who is fine as a hot trumpet player, Memphis; Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, who contributes some effective clowning as the band leader's devoted man Friday; J. Carroll Naish, as a low-life cabaret proprietor; and such splendid musicians as the one and only Jack Teagarden and Harry Rosenthal to see that the music really gets played.

The producer and director should not be overlooked with a show such as this. The former is Buddy De Sylva, who has a magic touch with musicals on both stage and screen. In charge of the staging was Monta Bell, who had ideas for making this show for several years. He has done an expert job on weaving story and music together. Altogether, Birth of the Blues is the best screen musical I have seen in a long time.

(Paramount.)

★★★ TARGET FOR TONIGHT

The war has been brought very close in this extraordinary documentary film that has just arrived here from England. Simply, but with tremendous dramatic power, the picture describes an R. A. F. raid over a German city. There is no special pleading in the presentation. There are not even shots of bomb-wrecked London to give the work an added propagandist punch. It merely relates the daily routine of the young men about whom Winston Churchill said: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." There are spectacular shots of actual bombing, but this work is far more than a newsreel. It is a memorable document.

Target for Tonight is completely authentic. It was filmed by the Crown Film Unit, under the supervision of Harry Watt, with the full co-operation of the Royal Air Force. The youngsters you see, if they are still alive, are actual pilots. The bombing raid is an actual flight over Freihausen. Aside from the documentary authority, though, the film is a gripping human drama. The small touches in the work, such as a pilot's apology for arriving back late from the raid, or the tense faces of the crew members as they receive final instructions for the flight, transcend anything that the screen can do with staged material. Here is a stirring fragment of a terrible chapter in history, caught for all time by the camera.

(Released by Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven, The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn.

★★★—Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr, Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Man Power, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

AMERICAN GIANT, by Frances Winwar.

A new life of Walt Whitman by the author who, before this, has performed the difficult feat of placing literary biographies on best-seller lists. Her particular aim with this book has been to brush aside the sentimental legends that built him up as "the good, gray poet," comb the schoolroom-fostered paper posies from his whiskers, and present him as a uniquely vital spark of his time. It's worth your time and you'll like it. (Harper & Brothers.)

• *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before asking.*

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"YOU'D EXPECT the milder, better-tasting tobacco to cost more—and it does!" says Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C. "But that's the kind of leaf Luckies want, and Luckies pay the price to get it!"

• Smokers . . . in any cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. The better the tobacco, the better the smoke! That's why independent tobacco experts prefer Luckies by a majority of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined.

• As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see the kind of leaf Luckies buy, and the prices paid . . . and to these men, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco! Isn't that what you want in *your* cigarette—fine tobaccos?

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Play-by-Play Account of a Strip Tease

1. There goes Jones's coat! Whatta shirt that new Arrow *Brigade Stripe* is . . . whatta pattern! The "Mitoga" figure-fit curbs bunching . . . the Arrow collar is *sloped* for comfort...

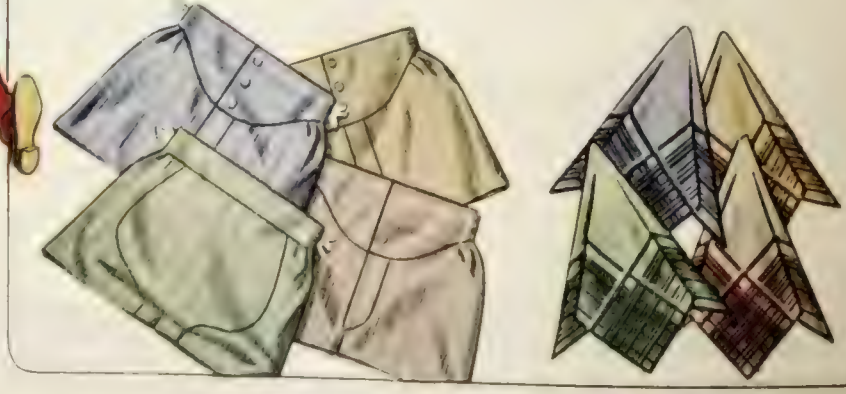
2. He just took off the Brigade Tie! Boy, how it harmonizes with the shirt! It's an Arrow tie, ladies and gentlemen, wrinkle-resistant and perfect-knotting!

3. Ah! Arrow Shorts—in the Brigade Stripe pattern! The most comfortable shorts man ever wore. No chafing seam at the crotch! No shrinking out of fit! No buttons. They have laundry-proof Grippers!

4. Sorry—show's over. Go to your Arrow dealer's and get Arrow's handsomest pattern of the season: Brigade Stripes. The shirt is $2.50; the tie in two patterns is $1.50; the shorts, 65¢; the handkerchief, 50¢. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

Arrow *"Brigade Stripes"*

Shirt and Shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage less than 1%!



Book of the month! Liberty presents a condensation, complete in this issue, of a 1,176-page best seller

READING TIME ● 44 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ THE Bristol gentlemen gathered around the improvised "pit" in old Hercules Flood's bedchamber, did not quite know what to make of Matthew Flood, who had appeared among them after an absence of ten years, during which it had been wiser to keep his name out of conversations with the family. Here he was, and in high favor with his grandfather.

Leaning against the bedpost, Matthew smiled cynically upon the saturnalia his efforts had conjured. Men, drunk as owls, stumbled about, beating off the fighting cocks which had been assembled. Africa, the old serving man, was kept busy replenishing glasses, sweeping the floor clear of dung, fanning the smoke. Matthew refilled his grandfather's glass, bending over the bed

"Enjoying yourself, grandfather?" he cried.

Sweat ran down in rivulets from Hercules' face that was now little but an amorphous lump of sodden purple in which his eyes rolled. His great limbs lay almost naked in a pool of wine, ash, and candle grease.

"Heave me up!" he was gasping. "More cocks—more cocks!"

Shouts echoed and wagers were laid that no one heeded. . . .

When Jason Flood thrust open the door, he was confronted by Matthew, in blood-dabbled shirt sleeves and breeches, who looked down from his immense height to observe ironically:

"You're too late, little man. Between us, we've finished grandfather."

Jason stood there clutching his throat, eyes and mouth agape in horror at the scene. Hercules Flood, shipowner, celebrated patron of all sportsmanlike activities of the district and father of that distinguished abolitionist, light of Methodism, and eminent man of affairs, Mr. Jason Flood—Hercules had died of a stroke at the height of a drunken orgy.

Going into the apartment which he had occupied since his return, Matthew turned the key in the lock, flung himself on the bed, and burst into a passion of tears. It was not until the morning after the tragedy that he began to reflect on his own ticklish

Nothing now but to surrender to London creditors from whom he had fled. A creeping chill, itself suggestive of death, invaded the empty and silent rooms. He was grateful for the means of temporary escape from them that came—an invitation from the Burmesters to dinner that evening.

Looking with not a little envy upon their drawing room, Matthew wondered whether he had not been a fool to reject Bristol trade for a life of adventure. There was a rich, hesitant rustle at the door; it was opened, and he found himself face to face with the glory and ruin of his life. Pallas Burmester wore a gown of striped satin open over a petticoat sprinkled with little flowers. The proud lift of her bosom, the free thrust of her thighs, gave her an air of the goddess for whom she was named.

Suddenly Matthew wanted a mate as strong and ruthless as himself. As the evening wore on he had an almost physical consciousness of her presence. He could picture with unholy clearness those long pliant limbs and from their godlike union with his own the forthspringing of a splendid race. He felt himself tremble.

☆ "I LOVE him—love him so much," said Pallas breathlessly to her sister, "that if he had held out his hand and said 'Come!' I believe I'd have gone with him. . . ."

Fortune favored the lovers on a foggy November afternoon. Pallas, on an errand of charity, was passing Triton Lodge. Its occupant caught sight of her, pulled her inside the gates, bruising her arm with his grip.

"There never will be time," he said, "to woo you as I desire. I love you. Do you love me? Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she answered. Their lips met. . . .

The will of Hercules Flood proved to be a document stark in its brevity: "All to my grandson Matthew Flood." There was some joking at Jason's expense in the coffeehouses. Some speculation. He declared he would contest the will.

During the succeeding weeks Matthew kept close at home. His few excursions into town were usually to Lawyer Shergill's office. The day after the funeral, he had gone boldly and confidently to ask Pallas' hand from her father and had received an unconditional refusal. Even at Christmas an embargo was laid upon communications between them. But Bristol mamas began to snow cards of invitation upon Matthew. If the golden fish should prove common herring, they could drop it back in the pond. It was inevitable that he and Pallas should meet. Yet when they found themselves alone for a moment she behaved with an exquisite discretion. The party he arranged as a means of showing her the mansion over which she was to reign was a failure; Pallas had promised to attend a fete that night on behalf of the Pennsylvanian Movement for the Abolition of Slavery. She would not break her word, though tears splashed down her cheeks. . . .

☆ "YOU can't live in Bristol and not feel the pull of the sea," declared Abiathar Crown, a childhood friend with whom Matthew was dicing in a tavern. It was true. Biting his nails with envy, Matthew had watched the slave captains swaggering, with their black men in attendance. Abiathar now dug Matthew persuasively in the ribs. "How'd ye like, cock, to take a trip to the Guinea coast and back?"

Was there any way? Matthew racked his brains. . . .

In the Bristol slave market one morning Matthew and Abiathar stood watching. Lot 15 appeared: an ebon sacrifice, hard pointed breasts striving against the cotton chemise. An animal noise went round the room. Matthew felt a sharp moment of surrender to the savage magic; wondered what it was like. He bought a little bellowing boy of six or seven, the kind of toy that ladies of the period craved.

The day that Pallas was twenty-one her father told her something that obliged her suddenly to sit down, for her knees had turned to water: He could not bear to see her unhappiness, and he had decided to allow her to be betrothed to Matthew.

"But not until the case is over, for I will not have your name dragged into any mudraking such as I hear Jason Flood means to indulge in for the support of his own suit. . . . Have you got to marry him, Pally?" he could not help adding. Her eyes answered him.

Matthew, bidden to take an early dish of tea that day with the Burmester ladies, arrived. There was no mistaking the meaning of the gesture with which Pallas received him—that beautiful offering of all herself, so long denied, so hungrily desired.

"Pallas!" He leapt toward her, crushed her against his bosom.

Presently the door opened and an exotic, rainbow-clad atom tottered into the room.

"Permit me," said Matthew, "to present Lilliput, your future bodyguard."

"You *bought* him?" She made a movement of shrinking.

The end of their long wrangle over the rights and wrongs of slave traffic was that Matthew took Lilliput by the back of the neck and threw him across the front of his saddle like a small sack, reducing him to shrieks of horror on the gallop back.

It was typical of Flood egoism that Matthew saw, in the whole incident, no serious menace to the future he had planned.

Months later Pallas had entirely forgiven him, and told him that she had resolved to take the poor mite.

Concerned over the unsettled state of Matthew's prospects, his future father-in-law asked him point-blank whether, in the event of the verdict's going to Jason, Matthew had any means of supporting a wife.

"I have," Matthew told him, "secured a part ownership in a ship now chartered for the African coast."

The Cassiopeia was now fitting for the Guinea voyage. Matthew had assented to Lawyer Shergill's proposal that his share in the ownership (advanced by Shergill) should remain, for the present, a secret. But he had induced Shergill and Jack Peddy, the other partner, to accept Abiathar as master.

"So you're going in for the slave trade. And what's Pally's view of your venture?"

"I have said nothing to her so far," confessed Matthew.

"I hope that your fortunes prosper. But if ever you injure Pallas"—her father's voice broke—"as there is a God in heaven, I'll break you, if it takes my last penny and my last drop of blood to do so!"

Matthew was taking the closest interest in every detail of the Cassiopeia's equipment. Abiathar agreed with Shergill and Peddy that Matthew's share in the ownership should be kept dark. But there was talk, which grew after Matthew left for Gloucester for the trial of the great Flood lawsuit.

The case opened badly, for it was evident, on the first morning, that Jason's counsel, Rickaby, was a much more potent pleader than Buckle, Matthew's man. It was very hot, and the court stank like a cesspool in spite of the assiduity of ushers, who burnt shovelfuls of herbs and vinegar at intervals to freshen the atmosphere. From time to time Matthew raised a handkerchief, drenched in perfume, to his offended nostrils: a gesture which, as the perfection of foppery, evoked murmurs of admiration from the ladies in the gallery. On the opposite side of the court sat Jason—like a death's-head.

☆ AT last, on a Monday, the verdict was pending. The court was packed. Rumor had gone round of a desperate scene during the week-end at the lodging of a Miss Fanny Trine—now known to every one as the judge's ladylove—who had been discovered entertaining young Flood. All eyes in the court turned to Matthew as he strode in. His coat, of dark ruby brocade, lavishly embroidered with steel trimmings, fitted like a glove over the long-sleeved cream waistcoat whose wristbands ended in deep ruffles of Mechlin to match the cravat whose folds were kept in place with a diamond buckle.

A dead hush greeted his Honor's entrance. On his feet with the rest, Matthew flung back his head and met with a stare of defiance the man he had cuckolded the previous night. What a fool, what a fool! his brain was hammering. If only it had been worth while; but for Fanny Trine—!

The judge's face was the color of lead and vicious as a rat's. It was not often that a man found the weapons of revenge so close to his hand!

Rickaby was on his feet, leaning slightly forward.

"With all respect to your Honor, the action, for the present, is suspended. The plaintiff is dead."

A carter had found him lying by the roadside with his head in a dried patch of blood. The horse he had been riding to court was not to be seen. And Matthew, who had ridden to court a beggar, rode home a prince.

Pallas awaited him. He had no words, nor had she, for that poignant moment of reunion, when each felt the heart of the other hammering. He shuddered now, at the memory of Fanny Trine.

"You're ready, sweetheart? I can't wait much longer!"

She had gone as pale as death.

"I visited the Cassiopeia. Your ship," she accused him. "Yours—and you kept it secret from me."

He felt anger beating up, and paused to control it. "Pally," he said, "I would give my soul for you not to have seen the interior of a slave ship."

"How can I ever," she breathed as though to herself, "become the wife of a slave trader?"

"Pallas!" His voice cracked like the thong of a whip. He had no recollection, afterward, of what he had said; the words boiled from his lips. He left her with an ultimatum: in three days she should give him her decision.

"I shall love you forever, but I cannot marry you," she told him then through stiff lips.

☆ "THIS is my world," Matthew said as he stood gripping the bulwarks of the Cassiopeia. "And, by God, I should have known it before."

But always Pallas companioned his dreams: Pallas beautiful and damned, stripped of her foolish modesty by the clutching waves—who rose, dripping crystal from her silver breasts, to come coiling to his heart like a white sea serpent. . . .

A sullen, sickening, and half-starved crew brought the Cassiopeia into the Gulf of Benin—half a dozen of them strung up at the gratings, getting over the effects of flogging and Cayenne pepper; another, gone mad with thirst, in irons. The ship furled her sails and prepared to receive her victims. At midday they crossed the bar and dropped anchor.

"We're getting off before sunset," muttered Abiathar as they clambered over the gunwale. "This ain't but a ceremonial call, a sort o' acclimatizin' visit, if you like to put it that way."

"Captain Raikes of the fort; Mr. Crawshaw and Mr. Meeks, from Anamaboe; Mr. Pilgrim of Endor." The governor grunted the introductions. He had a coarsely good-humored face. "And James Montcalm, the oldest inhabitant. Men may come and men may go, but our Jimmy goes on forever. Ain't that so, Jimmy?"

"Jimmy's as deep as the devil, and his name stinks from here to Calabar," Matthew was later to be told. "But there ain't another factor like him, and he's got the native kings and such-like under his thumb."

At an hour's end Matthew came to the conclusion that, besides the governor, there was only one man who counted for anything in that odd community: James Montcalm. They supped aboard the ship; Montcalm, on Abiathar's invitation, accompanied them.

"What's in the slave pens?" Abiathar inquired.

"You'll do better to reserve your picking till the canoes come down," replied the trader. "There's a war on between Fanti and Omo, and the King of Omo's got three hundred prisoners. We're fetching them as fast as we can. But Omo's got it into his wooden head he isn't treated with enough respect by the visiting captains, and he's sulking upcountry."

"How long," asked Matthew, "would an upriver trip to square Omo take?"

Montcalm's eyes, meeting Matthew's, looked like a snake's. "A week there and a week back," he answered, "allowing for the palaver. It's not a trip to be recommended to a stranger to these parts and climate." Matthew got the impression that the carelessness was deliberate, feigned, to increase his own interest.

When the guest's canoe had started back along the track of the moonlight, Matthew said to Abiathar, "It's my fancy to go up to Omo. I'll be glad to spend some weeks ashore."

He listened to Abiathar's protests in stubborn silence. The coast of Africa was before him, cut in black-paper silhouette between the star-sown sky and the midnight blue of the water; only the white fringe of the surf cut into the darkness. Beyond were the trumpeting of the elephants, the campfires, and the unimaginable ritual of native cults. . . . On Brandon Hill the cool night airs were moving. The roses were being blown against Pallas' casement. . . .

Matthew liked young Pilgrim, whom the governor had introduced. The feeling was returned.

"I have the idea of going up to Omo," Matthew told him one evening. "Would you like to go with me?"

"There's—there's nothing I'd like better," stammered Pilgrim.

Abiathar washed his hands of the matter, declaring his intention to take the ship on to Whydah, and to cut the crossing short at Barbados, where there was an almost certain market for the slaves. Matthew agreed to this, while stating his own intention of going on to Cuba, where the ship was due to call on her return voyage. That would give him, between the second crossing and the return, eight months—perhaps more. He would stay in Barbados long enough to visit his father's brother Jonathan, who had a plantation there.

The trip to Omo was delayed. Pilgrim came down with fever and the governor refused Matthew permission to go without him. Matthew fumed, though he found living at the governor's residence very comfortable and he liked his host. Montcalm he liked less and less.

He could not, however, refuse the fellow's invitation to dine; and what was lacking in the repast was made up in entertainment, for the trader's slaves, unshackled though guarded, danced in the light of great fires, a strange double dance, each man partnered by his shadow. Banjos struck up plangent rhythms; drums throbbed. Matthew, sitting close to Montcalm, was scarcely conscious of the rush of bare feet through the room behind them before glowing flesh brushed his hand and a naked form flung itself over the edge of the porch and into the dance.

It was thus that for the first time Matthew saw Sheba, Montcalm's black orchid. No woman had ever evoked in him so powerful a response to her fleshly beauty. He could think only: This shall be mine!

Pilgrim was at the governor's residence next morning, ready for the trip. At noon Matthew stood at Montcalm's gate. Sheba, with a conscious roll of the haunches, was strolling along the porch, waving a palm-leaf fan. The sun-begotten! The epithet chiseled itself into his brain. He stood as though graven, fighting the well-nigh irresistible impulse to snatch her there and then; while a cry which was at once an admission of weakness and a declaration of triumph went up from his soul: The sun—the sun is my undoing!

At Matthew's offer of a hundred pounds, Jimmy Montcalm sniggered. "I've got no intentions of selling; who's been telling you I would?"

What a story he could make of it at the fort! Jimmy's lips dragged themselves across the yellowing stumps of his jaws. Suddenly, before he could straighten them, the palm of Matthew's hand caught him flat across the chops.

"And, damn you, don't smile!"

Montcalm stooped down and picked up the cigar that had been knocked out of his mouth. He also was on his feet, swaying like a reed, looking up at his assailant, when he said:

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"I'll meet you with pistols tomorrow morning, as soon as there's enough light to tell a man from a tree—and it will be a good send-off for your trip to Omo. Or further."

When Matthew arrived with Pilgrim as his second, Montcalm was already there; seated upon an upturned barrel, he might have been there since the beginning of time—a dead log, warped and bleached by the sun. Across his knees lay two pistols. He was alone.

Matthew gritted his teeth. "Stand up, and let's settle this for once and all."

"Damn you," said Jimmy Montcalm, hardly above a whisper, "*I can't stand up.*"

"I don't fight duels with sick men; but we'll finish this when I come back, Montcalm!"

"Sit on that stump there," said Jimmy. "A man ain't got need of his legs to put a mark on a target."

Matthew swore beneath his breath and sprang to the stump.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

Both nodded.

Matthew's trigger finger jerked—and it was as though a bar of iron fell across his wrist. Through the noise of the explosion and the clattering of the pistol on the hard earth he heard the scream of Montcalm, struggling in the grip of two militiamen, who had broken from the trees immediately behind him. Matthew rose to confront the governor. "Mr. Flood, if you weren't leaving in an hour's time for Omo, you'd spend the rest of your visit in jail." . . .

The long, narrow canoes, low in the water with their loads of baggage, provisions, and carriers for the overland route, were propelled smoothly up the creek, each under the thrust of twenty pairs of arms, moving with the mechanical evenness of pistons; forty backs, shining with palm oil and the sweat that rolled from the woolly bases of coal-black scalps, presented the incomparable play of trained muscles to Matthew and Pilgrim, seated in the stern of the second boat.

"Mr. Flood," said Pilgrim, the sandy lashes of his light eyes, that seemed lighter in his sunburnt face, blinking rapidly, "you'd have done better to have killed Montcalm." . . .

It was on the fourth day of their trek inland that they knew they were being followed. Matthew was sure afterward that he had heard the clip of the released bowstring, but neither saw the shaft as it mounted upward. There was a second when he could not believe it: the sight of the long, feathered shaft quivering just below Pilgrim's shoulderblade, the red drop, no bigger than the ace of hearts, that appeared at the base of the shaft and spread, a very little. He could not believe it when he heard Pilgrim whisper, "He's got the wrong man—don't touch me—" and went limp in the bottom of the canoe. He had only the sense to remain crouching while the arrows flew from the speeding canoes that shot, as though propelled by devils, from the leafy tunnel into open water.

That night Matthew, alone, under the African moon, pulled out from his pack a book the governor had given him. He turned to the empty flyleaf, and, using a charred twig from the fire, wrote:

"Pallas. There is a child called Fanny Pilgrim whom I want you to find. She lives in Watford. She is the daughter of my friend, who was killed at my side today in the forest."

He waited a long time before signing his name, but there seemed no more to say. The book could be sent to her later. Its very title, All for Love, might stir something in her cold, guarded heart.

☆ WHEN the Cassiopeia came back, partly slaved, the governor told Abiathar, in private, "Flood's on his way back from Omo. He'll be here before long. He's talked Omo into paying us a state call, and we're to have the pleasure of turning ourselves inside out to receive His Majesty."

He found and passed to Abiathar a sheet of paper on which, in Matthew's writing, were set forth the terms of concession he had secured, giving Flood traders first call in perpetuity on Omo goods.

At the landing place waited the British representatives, cheering heartily as the royal canoes came in sight. There was one conspicuous absentee: Jimmy Montcalm. His representatives, in hastily laundered cottons, reported he was too sick to appear.

The king climbed out of the canoe. The figure that followed him might, by those who knew him well, have been recognized as Matthew Flood: gaunt, yellow as a guinea. A great bush of black beard covered the lower parts of his face. He was smiling, but there was a strange blank look behind his dark gaze, the crease between his brows that of a man who comes slowly to consciousness out of a curious dream. Matthew had brought back with him a dangerous plan; and in four scalawags whom he encountered in the tavern he found the tool he needed to execute it. Narrowly as he watched them when he told them what he wanted, sharply as he noted the glances that passed between them, he could detect no signs of reluctance. And he had asked them no light thing.

☆ THE time came for the Cassiopeia to sail. She was a devil ship that night. While in harbor it was impossible to allow the slaves the freedom of the decks, and down in the stifling holds were wretches who had already spent the most of a month within the sweltering wooden shell. The reek that came up through the hatches from time to time overwhelmed the guards themselves, but worse than the reek—which was barely perceptible in the captain's quarters—was the continual hollow howling, the noise, half human, half animal, of creatures who had bidden farewell to hope.

Matthew, drinking himself into deafness in his cabin, watched the time and wondered if he had offered enough. Gold was powerful. Was it infallible?

It came at last: a shout from the watch, followed by the quick patter of feet along the decks. The door of Matthew's cabin burst open: it was Abiathar.

"There's a fire ashore; looks like it's Jimmy's place."

Matthew stood looking across the dark water until at last he was sure of the soft, quick sound of paddles. Then he turned to Abiathar: "Tell them to be ready; we have boarders."

Abiathar faced him. "So it was you."

They had difficulty in carrying on deck the bundle that was dragged out of the bottom of the boat—the thrashing, protesting something, covered in singed sackcloth, that was taken, at Matthew's nod, to his cabin. The beat of his heart changed to a rapid suffocating tick. His hands shook as he cut the rope. Immediately there was a convulsion; a leap, and a double row of sharp teeth sank into his wrist. Laughing excitedly at the spots of blood, Matthew sprang back—fortunately to the door, for her first leap took her straight to it. Defeated, mad with alarm, she sprang for the open port, and he clutched the bare shining hips only just in time. . . .

In the days of madness that followed, Matthew swore he had found that which was better than love. He did as many another forsaken lover has done before and since: he glorified lust.

They found Barbados agog with excitement. Cuba had fallen to the British. The port of Havana was for the first time in the island's history thrown open to free trade. The Cuban planters were reported to be paying fabulous prices for Negroes. Abiathar spent twenty-four hours of miserable uncertainty before he decided it would be better to hold by his original intention of disposing of the cargo at Barbados and sail back for the second batch before going on to the large islands than to make straight for Cuba in the hope of profiting by the boom.

Meanwhile Matthew found himself the center of a clutch of young cousins.

His uncle, Jonathan Flood, had seven daughters and five sons. William, the second boy, adopted Matthew as his hero.

Jonathan's fortune must be at least equal to his own, Matthew thought, when they took him riding over the miles of plantation, the acres of storage sheds, the wharves whose barricades bore the mystic monosyllable "FLOOD" all along their frontage.

"Marry early," Jonathan advised him. "Come, now. Why don't you take your pick here? Here's six good girls—Charlotte's bespoke. You say you want to keep your eye on your West African trade. Where could you find a more advantageous situation for that than here on our island? Before you

go to Cuba you'd better earmark the girl you want!"

So he named Judith—with a sense of shame because to do so was to take advantage of her ignorance of many things: of Sheba waiting for him aboard the Cassiopeia and of his intolerable greed which could not bear to reject outright so fantastic a proposal, yet balked at the means of realizing it.

On the night before his departure, William came to his room to help pack. Sitting on the bed he picked up the copy of All for Love that Matthew had just thrown out of his traveling valise.

"Pray, cousin, lend me this to read against your return; or, if you like, I'll send it on by the next boat that sails for Cuba."

"By all means; and send it, when you've done, to a lady whose name and address in Bristol I'll leave with you."

"One of your conquests?" asked William slyly.

"On the contrary; one of my defeats," said Matthew, less bitterly than he would have spoken a month or two before. It was odd, he thought, to find himself giving that once heart-shaking name to William with no emotion. He had Sheba to thank for that—Sheba with whom, on the following night (his heart leaped at the thought), he would once more be united. He had arranged for her transport from the Cassiopeia to the Reina del Atlantico before his own arrival on the wharf.

☆ LONG before they reached Cuba he discovered that he was more wildly infatuated than ever. Marriage with Judith seemed more and more fantastic. To be free became now his obsession.

Society was not slow in flocking to the house which he took in the Calle Colón. The legends of Señor Flood's Negress were all over town; "A genuine savage, dressed up like a duchess!" There were twitters when Sheba, forgetting her training, pulled down her bodice to scratch a rounded breast. There were glances of hot envy and plain unbridled lust in the eyes of Creole gentlemen, and angry flashes in those of the Havanese belles who were overlooked for the dark splendor that paraded the apartments, extending a hand with the deportment of a queen.

On a night of heat and lassitude, when no one was inclined for dancing or gaming, a mischievous guest proposed a mock marriage. "All's at hand—the bride, the bridegroom!" he pointed unsteadily at Sheba and Matthew. There was a tipsy little cleric present, a renegade Church of England clergyman posing as a Catholic priest. He was roused and propped up against an improvised altar. Some one slipped a gold circlet from the finger of the groom and, at the appropriate moment, forced it over the knuckles of the bride. They found it all exquisitely amusing.

Sheba now began to annoy Matthew with her bids for public attention, which had flagged since the novelty of her presence had worn off. This annoyed Matthew. The need to assert herself was always there; and, since Matthew would have none of it, it found outlet upon her servant, Linda. There came a day when Sheba was not there to welcome him when he came in, and Linda told him, twisting her lizardlike body and avoiding his eyes, that Sheba was not well. There was no mistaking the malice that hissed on her lips, while an explanatory gesture revealed to him the meaning of her words. He felt the earth rock under his feet. It was beyond belief that he had never once thought of this possible outcome of their passion.

At night, now, between waking and sleeping, the past flowed in on him—the lovely regrettable past that, by its very beauty, had destroyed the balance of his whole existence. He remembered the brown mouche at the corner of Pallas' eyebrow, the tranquil movements of her hands, her sweet thoughtfulness. . . . He longed to lay his dishonored head in the softness of that warm bosom and pray for forgiveness. . . .

One day Sheba swung between delirium and stupor. The priest he summoned examined inch by inch the bed, the floor, the wall. Suddenly he bent and jerked the pillow from under Sheba's head. Something fluttered to the floor—a white cock's feather. Obeah—the priest explained—projecting an evil spirit into the body of a victim. Fright more often than poisoning causes death. He asked to see her servant. And Linda was not to be found.

The Cassiopeia sailed into Havana harbor with a fine cargo. It would be a month, Abiathar said, before they could set forth again. That, Matthew thought, gave him time to persuade the abbess of Santa Clara convent to take Sheba.

Their talk at dinner was interrupted: Sheba's labor had prematurely begun. Quickly he commanded the coach and, conquering repugnance, mortal horror, he picked her up in his arms. In doing so he felt on her finger the little golden serpent, "emblem of eternal felicity," that Pallas had once given him; the mock-marriage ring. He wanted to regain it but could not, for Sheba opened her eyes.

"My baby . . : not make slave."

Sharply aware of a bond of emotion never before perceived between them, he tightened his clasp. "No, Sheba, I give you my word. Never."

At the convent he battered on the doors and cried through the grille, "*Mujer—muerte!*" (Woman—death). . . . Later the abbess received him. Sheba was dead, and his daughter was born. He left a sum of money in trust for the child's upbringing, and was soon tossing toward the shores of High Barbary, a curious lightness settling on his spirit. He thought of returning to Bristol, or reopening Triton. And Pallas? She might have married! He made the discovery that at the thought of her belonging to another man, the instinct of murder surged up in him confused with the thought of the child, a small dark shadow between him and Pallas. His own infidelity meant nothing to him; it did not affect by one jot or tittle what was dedicated to her. But women like Pallas Burmester, he knew, give not only their bodies but their souls in marriage. The speed they could make to Bristol now became of first importance.

Then came a day when the horizon was the color of sulphur. A solid darkness fled past like a visible wind, from which was hurled the deluge of the rain. Clinging to a stay, he saw a solid shining wall of water like green-black glass advance, higher than the maintop. A blow on the head partly stunned him. Through the confusion stumbled Abiathar, naked, yelling to the men to cut away the broken mast. With the dawn they found themselves racing a rapid but steadying sea, empty as a desert. Suddenly, as though a magician's hand had conjured her up, what every one dreaded was before them—the towering ramparts of a Moorish corsair. The Cassiopeia cracked like an eggshell as the pirate drove into her. The enemy hurled themselves over their bulwarks to fall on the crew that they outnumbered six to one. . . .

In black darkness Matthew opened his eyes. A rat scampered away. It had been gnawing at his mouth. His arms and legs had been pinioned at right angles to his body. He knew he was lying across the ribs of the ship's bottom. Blankness blotted out the present again. And again he woke up, in a blinding light. Two or three yards away sat Bowling, the boatswain. His legs were in irons; and Matthew discovered that his were also. The walls that enclosed them, rising to a dizzy height and pierced high above

Marguerite Steen

author of the best seller, The Sun Is My Undoing, which appears in a condensed version in this issue, has written a Christmas short story for us. It is called

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE

Watch for it in Liberty Issue of December 27, 1941

a tall man's head with slots through which the daylight fell obliquely, were not of wood but of stone.

☆ MISS PALLAS BURMESTER came riding home in the mail-coach from Watford with a ghost for company. Now and again she drew from her traveling bag a folded page whose few faded lines she had no need to read, for she knew them by heart. The child sleeping on the opposite seat was Fanny Pilgrim, daughter of Matthew's companion on his journey up an African river. Fanny was to be her compensation for all the children—Matthew's children—that she had never borne. Pallas' father met her with news of Matthew, brought by Bowling, the boatswain, whose own escape had been miraculous. He believed Matthew dead. Better that than in slavery to the Moors. . . .

☆ WHEN María Cayetuña, daughter of Matthew, was eight years old, the abbess of Santa Clara explained to her that her father, the English caballero, Don Mateo Flood, had been joined in wedlock with a Negress by a clergyman belonging to the father's faith, which laid no embargo on a mixed marriage; and this legitimized María Cayetuña, though it did not preserve her from the stigma of mulattress. At thirteen she was told, further, that at his death his relatives, very properly, assumed control over his property, which went to the next of kin. María was the next of kin; but no one had known of her existence, nor, when they learned, would accept it. But certain persons —she would not name them—had fought for María's interests.

"Was—was it a great battle?" gasped María Cayetuña.

"The battle," said the abbess dryly, "lasted for seven years, and no blood, but much ink, marked its progress.

"And you will pray to be delivered from vain dreaming," the abbess concluded. María Cayetuña prayed; but from the convent window saw young Santiago de Lorcha smiling up at her with a look that possessed her, and felt as though she were carrying the sun in her breast. Prayed; but one day jumped down into the alley in her white convent gown and by nightfall was aboard ship with her lover. At Jamaica they were married by consul.

A daughter, María Pía, was born. Like her mother, she was no darker than a Cuban Spaniard; and she did not inherit the stiff, crinkled hair which her mother concealed, to the day of her rather early death, under a smooth brown wig. When María Pía was sufficiently poised in her own white universe, her heritage was explained to her. She accepted it with pride. Everything there was to tell about her grandmother fascinated her. She was never even touched by the resentment which her mother had always feared would rise to cloud their devotion to each other. María Pía would always face with courage the pointing fingers at which her mother had always blenched.

☆ SANTIAGO DE LORCHA was proud of his tall daughter, and he did not seriously trouble himself about her fantastic disinclination toward marriage.

"First I mean to have my own sort of good time and work all the frivolity out of my system which might interfere with my future charge." She touched his face gravely. "De Lorchas have always lived on their plantation, haven't they, papa? And when I am married I shall do the same. But I must see something of the world first."

So in the year 1798 the ship Gloria de España sailed from Havana to the port of Sevilla, carrying the Señorita María Pía de Lorcha and Mme. Deschamps, her duenna. This was the year following that in which a young English gentleman of the name of Beaufort Sax, nephew of Miss Pallas Burmester, left Bristol as attaché to a diplomatic mission addressed to the court of Madrid.

"I find Beaufort Sax just as exciting as a block of ice," María Pía told her duenna when his attentions had become marked. "But don't you understand it is to my interest to cultivate his friendship for the advice and help he can give me in getting to England? His people have their summer place quite close to Bristol."

☆ EVERY day at much the same hour, J. R. Bowling, sole survivor of the Cassiopeia, made his journey from his little domicile in the Merchant Adventurers' almshouses to the wharves, taking the greetings of high and low soberly, as he passed with his rolling sailor's gait down the broad salt-smelling highway of Prince's Street in Bristol.

"Good morning, Bowling. Have you come down to help us receive our exchanged prisoners?"

The youngest and only surviving son of John Peddy, a stout patronizing individual of forty-five, halted, hand on stick, to send a self-congratulatory smile round his immediate surroundings.

"Aye, aye, sir. My nephew Nathaniel —that I beg leave to present, sir— tells me we're expecting 'em in."

"Here they come." Richard Peddy pointed to the river, up which, lumbering, lopsided, came an old brig.

The miserable string of prisoners that trailed over the landing plank were clumsily marshaled into lines by the swaggering Nathaniel, under the eye of an elegant young lieutenant of the Bristol Volunteers.

"There's four dead, seven that seemingly can't stand on their feet, and one that seems to be lunatic, sir," reported the ensign who stood with the captain at the head of the gangplank, checking. These poor wretches, after years of captivity, seemed hardly human.

"Get the other seven ashore and put the madman in irons."

An excited crowd pressed forward. "There—look, there he is!"

Astride the bulwarks appeared a figure partly naked, with a tattered blanket knotted about its waist; brows, beard, and hair all matted together so that the whole face, lost as in a thicket, had no human semblance but for the glaring eyes. From its massive and hair-blackened chest boomed his voice. None who listened had ever before heard the tongue it spoke.

J. R. Bowling put a hand to his head. Masts and buildings melted; there was nothing about him but white, eternal sand, and when he stumbled it was not upon a cobble but over the bleached skull of a desert animal. He felt his heart thudding and knew suddenly that he was dreaming; it was a dream that visited him frequently. And as he bent his steps homeward there was a heaviness in his heart for which he could not account; a feeling of running away from something which he should have seen out to its end.

☆ "THE less said the better about administration, Mr. Chairman," Pallas Burmester was saying at the board meeting. "One only hopes that by the relief of our abominable congestion at St. Peter's matters will improve. I am here to propose—to insist —that the underground cells in which we have been housing our imbecile paupers shall be utterly condemned, sealed up, and their occupants transferred to proper lodgings on the first floor, most of which is vacant."

An irritable shrug ran around the company. "Keep the lunatics downstairs, where they don't offend decent people, where they're safe and sound," urged some one.

"Safe and sound?" Pallas rose slowly, her hand groping for her stick. For a quarter of a century she had been piling up enemies by her opposition to the slave trade, her exposures of individuals who battened on its barbarities. "Iron bars will give you all the safety you need. Come, ladies and gentlemen: let us inspect these 'safe, sound' regions where we keep human beings whose only crime is that they've lost their wits."

It was useless to argue with her. They followed her down a worn flight of stairs into an intolerable stench.

"Where is the co-called savage?" she demanded.

The room was no larger than a cupboard; three steps, silted up to the treads with slime, led down into it. Hardly visible, against the farther wall, lay a figure flat on its back with arms flung out as though crucified. The bare knees were drawn up, the ankles shackled, the arches of the naked ribs stared through the matted hair that covered the immense limbs and hid the unconscious face of the sleeper.

"I reckon 'e's near seven foot 'igh when 'e stands on 'is 'ind legs," the turnkey who was officiating said, determined to have no belittlement of his own dangers.

"And you confine him in this kennel!"

The man stood aside to le Pallas pass. . . .

In sleep there is no madness; and always that first moment of wakefulness, before material facts bludgeoned the lunatic's wounded mind back to its state of confusion, had an exquisite lucidity. In that moment a voice had spoken to his soul, a voice which said, "And you confine him in this kennel!"

Forgetting the chains, he came to his feet with a bound that jerked him crashing once more on his face. The clanging of the door drowned the roar which was beaten out of his sore body. When they came a little later to thrust in his platter of food, he was foaming at the mouth and the blood from his galled ankles ran over his feet. He was beating with his fist upon the low ceiling. Long before night descended blackness took possession of the cell, but for this prisoner there was no blackness; his eyes ran with the eternal blazing sun. The sun, my idol; the sun, my undoing; and now, beyond the sun, he sought in madness for his God.

☆ ONE day Beaufort's father came to tell Pallas that Beaufort had returned from Spain, bringing to Bristol a young Cuban belle and her duenna.

"Are they engaged?" she asked.

He shook his head. "It seems," he said, speaking gently, "that the Señorita de Lorcha must be the granddaughter of Matthew Flood." He saw her close her eyes, then sway. "She may stay in Bristol a month or so to see the home of her ancestors."

He turned the talk to her letter in the Journal attacking the housing of lunatics. The time, he argued, was not ripe for that.

"I shan't be able to fight much longer," she whispered. "I must do what little I can while the power is in me." He raised her hand to his lips. "No," she added quickly, "it isn't all charity, you know; it has been a way of running away from myself." . . .

☆ NATHANIEL BOWLING looked at his uncle; the poor twisted face was incapable of expressing the thoughts that went on behind J. R. Bowling's mottled brow, but a certain fixed agony in his eyes afflicted Nathaniel with uneasiness. He had not been present when his uncle had had his stroke; but now he sought out China Ben, night watchman at the asylum. "We was sittin' in the Red Lion," China Ben told him, "and I was a-tellin' 'ow the lunatic carried on: one time 'e might be a gospel preacher, and then 'e'l start swearin'. 'To 'ell with ye!' says 'e. ' 'Biathar, I'm goin' up to Omo . . .' " And then, China Ben continued, J. R. Bowling had risen, and though his jaws worked he'd lost the power of speech; he had staggered out into the air, and pitched with a crack onto the cobbles.

Nathaniel had at least a serviceable amount of common sense. He determined to see Miss Burmester up at the hospital. But she was busy at the moment. He waylaid her assistant. "For God's sake, miss, tell 'er it's a matter o' life and death," he burst out. "Tell 'er it's about the Cassypeer!"

Pallas heard him out that evening, and at once called her coach. It arrived at St. Peter's hospital to find it in pandemonium. There was a cry of, "He's a-gettin' loose! We'll all be tore to pieces!"

Pallas paid no attention. She went up the dim stairs to the cot on which lay J. R. Bowling. His blue eyes strained to her; she felt him crying to her with all the agony of the voiceless. She laid her hand over his gnarled, helpless fist, its blue anchors and serpents staring from the white flesh.

"Bowling, can you hear me? Help me, will you?"

A shapeless sound came from his lips. It was drowned in the sound of splintering wood and of a door crashed outward against a wall.

Pallas, crouched beside Bowling, waited, her hypnotized eyes fixed upon the patch of blackness beyond the opened door. The immense figure which entered slowly peered through the hairy growth that covered its features. It paused, its ribs still heaving from the effort it had made to escape from its prison.

Pallas gave a sharp cry: "Matthew! Here is Bowling—"

His eyes roved dimly . . . the man on the bed strove to speak; his eyes, starting, were the same faded bright blue that had looked into his own in the desert. And as Matthew hesitated, Bowling managed to shape one word: "Flood!" There was a sharp pain in Matthew's head, something shifted in his brain, he pitched forward and his arms were about the man and the woman—"Bowling!"

Coming!

VIRGINIA FAULKNER
tells an absorbing story about a college professor and his writer-wife.

CURT RIESS
discloses another episode in the love-life—or is it that?—of Der Führer.

W. C. FIELDS
presents his very own quiz. Try to keep your face straight!

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
brings you some inside information on Hollywood and what makes it tick.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
gives a preview of Saroyan's Sweeney in the Trees.

EDDIE DOOLEY
points out things to glue your eye on when watching a football game.

This, plus the usual departments and features; generous installments of the serials; some stimulating and provocative articles, and additional fiction by Bayard Veiller and George Harmon Coxe

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

At dawn a coach drove out of Purgatory Yard. It held two occupants; one was wrapped in blankets and knew nothing of his surroundings; the other was Pallas Burmester, taking her lost love home.

☆ WHILE Joseph—that unfortunate birthday present Matthew had given Pallas so long ago—eased the bedgown over Matthew's skeleton shoulders, Pallas thought, It is a *man* who sits there. During the long months past, a personality had been reshaping itself inside the battered shell. It needed now only physical strength. She and Fanny had cared for him, securing for him the privacy that heals a sick mind; and now she had persuaded him to see his granddaughter. He insisted on being out of bed.

Realizing that Pallas was looking at him, he said, "Thirty-five years, and nothing but this to show. It is not a very reassuring sight for one's —descendants."

"When you were young," she heard herself saying, as if she talked to a ghost, "you were very handsome; but at your most handsome you never looked like this. People might say you are gray and bleak, like an old tree. But I think you need not regret the lost years. . . ." She turned and went from the room. And he waited, shepherding his strength.

As she rose from her formal curtsey, María Pía recognized with a shock his likeness to herself. And he did the same. Their eyes met and held, but it was like a meeting of enemies.

"So, miss, you call yourself my granddaughter."

"I am your granddaughter." The deep voice with its alien accent went through Matthew like a sword; sun and heat entered the room and the scent of tropical lands.

"Give me your hand—Who gave you that ring?"

"My mother. It is my grandmother's wedding ring."

"Take it off. I prefer you not to wear it."

"It will not come off," she told him with satisfaction.

They quarreled; and yet there came an understanding, a recognition in each other of the same qualities; and the bitter edge, the will to wound, went from the encounter.

From Pallas he learned something María did not tell him: María's distaste and scorn for Beaufort, whose attitude toward her was a sort of lascivious condescension, and her love for his younger brother Lionel, who had the cleanness of spirit that Beaufort lacked. But what could come of that love?

☆ THEN Beaufort Sax brought matters to a climax. He decoyed María Pía to a rendezvous at Lionel's lodgings. It had been simple, too; his writing was like Lionel's. His insolent gaze appraised her. There is no beauty about her, he thought, but something challenging

and dangerous. He could hear her quick breathing as she dragged her cape tightly about her. Suddenly there came a thumping at the entrance below. Beaufort thrust María Pía aside and crossed to the window. A huge figure supporting itself on two sticks looked up at his silhouette, dim against the firelight. The voice said, "If you have any regard for your door, come down and open."

"Grandfather!" María Pía was crossing the room, leaping down the stairs. She had dragged back the bolts when Beaufort's hand fell on her shoulder.

Matthew Flood shot a question at her: *"Estas deshonrada?"*

And María answered as if doubting her hearing, "By him? Are you crazy, grandfather?"

Matthew smiled grimly. He looked at Beaufort. "The Señorita de Lorcha y Flood would not, of course, traffic with your kind." He motioned to Joseph, waiting beside him. "Put this man in the river."

Joseph's eyes rolled. "Suh—suh—dis am Miss Pally's nevvy. Dis am de Lawd Beaufort Sax!"

"Put him in the river," said Matthew quietly. He flicked Joseph's buttocks with a stick. "And see that he does not drown." . . .

And finally Matthew's hand went to María Pía's shoulder. "You may speak in Spanish," he said, "if you will. It is long since I heard it, but—I think I shall not forget."

Their eyes met. With a little cry she threw herself into his arms. And he had called her "the Señorita de Lorcha *y Flood.*"

☆ "I MUST get back to Triton," Matthew said one day. "To find —he smiled—"Matthew Flood. Once, up there, we thought we knew what loving was. Do you remember?" Pallas nodded; closed her eyes. "But love is the crown of thorns and the hyssop. God's love—now don't look at me as if there were something wonderful about me—I found it in the stinking dark. I've been a slave, Pallas; and I've been sent back to kill the slave trade. To none but you can I speak of these things. That's the reason for the survival of Matthew Flood." He stood looking away from her. "There isn't much ease in the future I envision, Pallas; but is it too late to talk of marriage?"

"Not too late, my dear," she answered gently.

He came and stood before her. "It may be we shall not even have much time together, Pallas, until we have won our battle. I need your strength. I need—you."

The flood of emotion that Pallas felt took her aback. "Matthew," she said after a moment, "I will wed you the day we have got Abolition!" That made him smile.

So Matthew Flood went back home. . . .

On the day the Abolition Bill was passed, an old lady of Bristol put on a gown much gayer than her usual choice. Would he come? Suppose he had not taken her promise seriously. At the prospect her brightness faded. Just for a few months, weeks, hours, to live hand in hand; to know the sweetness of companionship after her long, self-chosen loneliness—it was not much to ask. She suffered a pang at the thought of how weak Matthew had grown lately. But the letter she had sent down to him this morning should give him strength. María Pía, back at home, had written happily. Pallas had wanted him to read it by himself, before he came to her.

She heard the coach come up the drive. With what seemed like unpardonable slowness, it drew up at the steps and stopped. Joseph got down and opened the door.

"Why, it's Fanny!" Pallas said aloud. In her surprise, she rapped sharply on the glass. But Fanny did not look up. She hurried, with her head held down, into the house. Pallas waited a moment, and then she knew that her unspoken fear had been realized. She knew before Fanny entered and began to speak.

"We left him alone to read it," Fanny said. "We left him for about an hour. The letter was still in his hand when I went in and found him gone."

Pallas walked to the fire and spread out her hands; they were very cold. Presently she lifted her head. "Matthew—Matthew. It's all right, my love; you've earned your rest . . . while I go on. You can sleep sound!"

THE END

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN

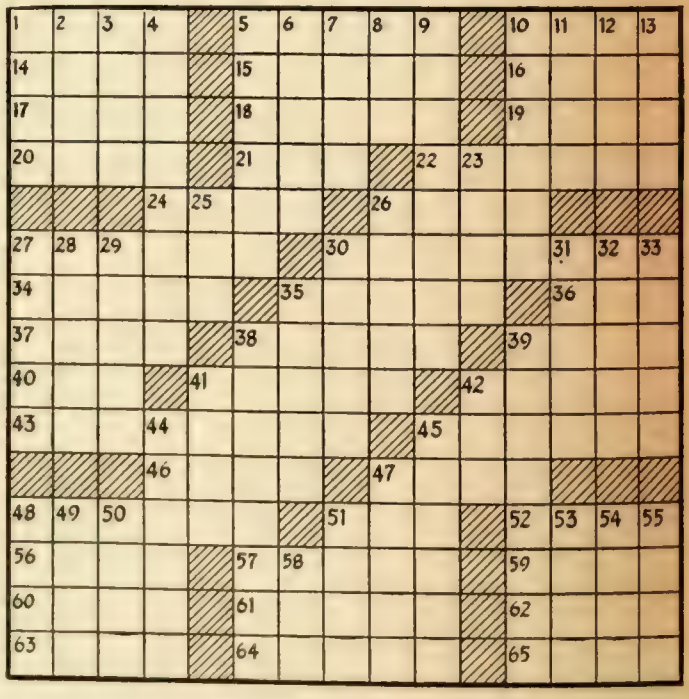
HORIZONTAL

1 Only
5 Form
10 Pertaining to the mouth
14 Summit
15 More domesticated
16 Vibrant
17 Hairlike bristle
18 Get up
19 Thought
20 Full to overflowing
21 Color
22 Motor (pl.)
24 Also
26 Hoarfrost
27 Smoothed
30 Scope
34 Scolded
35 Proofreader's mark
36 Term used by a stonecutter
37 Without feet
38 Cavern (pl.)
39 Very busy place
40 Number
41 After
42 Roster (pl.)
43 Promoted
45 Mortar
46 Above
47 Pith hat (var.)
48 Inhabitant of Greek island
51 Cut
52 Container
56 Cavity
57 Amphitheater
59 Old World wild goat
60 Winged
61 Percussion instrument
62 Prefix denoting size
63 Writes
64 Free from faults
65 Correct

VERTICAL

1 Part of a ship
2 Sword
3 Network (anat.)
4 Scrutinized
5 Gazed fixedly
6 Women's apartments in Mohammedan household
7 Surrounded by
8 Footlike part
9 Hermit (pl.)
10 Imitation pearl
11 To rest or turn on something
12 Assert
13 Meadowland (pl.)
23 Leave out
25 Spread for drying
26 Less common
27 Frattle
28 Part of a coat
29 Make amends for
30 Washed
31 Join
32 Sofa
33 Put forth
35 Wait upon
38 Link
39 Manslaughter
41 Molten rock
42 Kind of cloth
44 Elector (pl.)
45 Craven
47 Dowel
48 To cause to become rough
49 Part
50 Spirit
51 Greek goddess
53 Retired
54 Prefix: half
55 Passage out
58 To force down by driving

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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WHICH ARE PINNED ON BY THE "C.O." IN PERSON. THEY NOW ARE COMMISSIONED AS ENSIGNS.

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TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

☆ THEORETICALLY, a girl in black ought to feel warmer than a girl in red; for, while red and black absorb more sun heat than any other hues, black absorbs most. . . . Old country barns weren't red for art's sake. Red lead was inexpensive, and farmers knew a red barn kept cattle cozy in winter. . . . For summer comfort, blue roofs are growing in popularity. Smartest new Florida and California roof shade is bright yellow. . . . Color stylist Fred Rahr, who told me all this, has designed paint schemes for twenty thousand complete American homes and for about five million roofs. He's a specialist you'd like to talk with if you're building or renovating. "Dead white houses," he remarked, "are no longer favorites. Too many of them. The demand now is for a slightly off-white tint to harmonize with the roof. Trim and sashes in two complementary tones to relieve flatness and obtain a third-dimension quality." Mr. Rahr warns against doors and shutters of violent green or blue. He says, soften them with a little grayed red or burnt orange. . . . At painting time a really fussy lady can work up quite a situation. Mr. Rahr knows of one who kept her husband, herself, their two children, two painters, and a contractor busy for three solid days trying to mix the lime yellow she thought she wanted. Then when she got it—she decided she didn't like it! There are systematized paint formulas you can use to avoid such calamities. Better do so and save the family sanity.

☆ WOULD you call actresses as temperamental as children, or children as histrionic as actresses? The youngsters of a well known Hollywood writer have been house guests recently at the home of Fanny Holtzmann, famous woman lawyer. Gertrude Lawrence joined the party; cuddled the kids, who were shy, quiet. Back came Miss Lawrence, another week-end, for more domesticity. But this time the tots put on a riot scene with lusty theatricalism that almost brought the house down—for a fact. They, too, enjoyed playing new parts.

☆ READERS in sixteen different states have hurried to help those Cleveland, Ohio, girls who couldn't find out where to learn the romantic *Language of Stamps*. Edgar F. Johnson, Lexington, Kentucky, sends the following code:

(1) is for stamp stuck on right side up, (2) for upside down, (3) for crosswise. . . . Top right corner: (1) business or social letter; (2) Longing for you! (3) Please come back. Top left corner: (1) I forgive; (2) Forgive me; (3) What have I done? Top center of envelope: (1) Please answer; (2) Do you agree? (3) Have patience. Center left edge of envelope: (1) I must see you; (2) I'll be waiting at usual place; (3) Arrange new meeting place. Center right edge: (1) Do you love me? (2) I love you only; (3) Hope for the best! Bottom right corner: (1) Yes; (2) No; (3) Many thanks. Bottom left corner: (1) I depend on you; (2) Don't be deceived; (3) You can trust me. Bottom center: (1) Write same address; (2) Leaving town; (3) Will write soon.

Leo B. Mark, Jacksonville, Florida, has additional stamp signals for: I hate you; you're cruel; I'm married. . . . Catherine Pinkel, Buffalo, New York, says upside down promises as many kisses as the stamp is worth. . . . Mary Dunnigan, Vancouver, Washington, has signals for: Expect me tonight; Be careful how you answer this—father is wise. . . . Mrs. Anne Ross, Grand Rapids, contributes an old stamp code in Dutch, printed in Holland. . . . It's more fun to make up your own stamp code, thinks J. M. of Sea Cliff, New York. And J. M. says, "Don't forget to put in a signal for *maybe*."

☆ BEST buy in the art market, I think, is Laura Lee Burroughs' new booklet, Flower Arranging—A Fascinating Hobby. This is Volume 2. It's even more interesting than Volume 1. The holly suggestions on page 68 are excellent for Christmas. On page 64 the pine-branch scheme and the fruit arrangement are swell winter inspirations. (Published by the Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Georgia. Costs 10 cents.)

☆ MET two young London ladies, here to help the British war relief drives. One was explaining American slang. "Now, my dear, among up-to-date Americans," she said, "you must remember that swell is a lousy word, but lousy's a swell word."

☆ THANKSGIVING isn't a South American holiday, but the way they roast turkey down in Brazil ensures its tenderness and juiciness to a degree that deserves our thanks. Do your *Brazilian Roast Turkey* unstuffed, in an oiled paper bag. Prepare stuffing in separate pan. . . . Season turkey inside and out with salt, pepper, allspice, thyme. Cover bird with thin slices ham, then with thin slices fat salt pork. Bind with thread; enclose in well oiled paper bag. Lay in pan and roast 2 to 2½ hours in moderate oven, turning frequently. Take turkey from bag; remove slices pork and ham. Now roast bird about 40 minutes more, until golden brown. For the dressing, sauté 2 minced onions and 1 lb. chopped mushrooms in 1 cup butter. Add 6 cups soft bread crumbs, 2 cups ground nuts, 3 chopped pimentos, salt, pepper, plenty of poultry seasoning, and, last, 1 beaten egg. Bake in shallow pan.

"Thank you, but I just came in to reminisce."

"It's no use," he said more than once. "We'll have to have outside help, a definite course of treatment."

BY FAITH BALDWIN

☆ WHEN Lydia, the cold and beautiful young wife of Dr. Theron Lewis, takes to drinking in secret, Ron is baffled as to how to handle the situation. The only people who know her weakness are himself and Jenny Barton, an old friend of Ron's family and now a supervisor at the Lister Memorial Hospital. Jenny is staying with the Lewises at the Southampton house of Dr. Allen, Lydia's father, when Ron discovers his wife in a drunken stupor.

Dr. Allen, whose practice as an obstetrician Ron has taken over, must not be told, they decide; he has a bad heart and the shock might kill him. Lydia, selfish and calculating, jealous of Ron's work and of Jenny, who she knows loves Ron, sees an opportunity to be first in Ron's life, as she has always wanted to. She tells him that she will try to cure herself of drinking if he will promise to give up his practice and devote himself to her. After her father dies there will be plenty of money, she says, and if he will do that for her she will do what she has so far refused to consider—have a child. Until Ron can be with her always, she wants Jenny to stay with her and help her fight to get well.

Ron, appalled at her selfishness, does not promise. But neither does he definitely refuse.

PART NINE—TRAGEDY IN THE NIGHT

☆ RON went down to breakfast, walking slowly. His mind was savagely preoccupied. It was like something hunted, seeking an escape, flinging itself blindly at stone walls, digging frantically into earth, tunneling, and finding no way out.

Dr. Allen was remaining in his rooms today. Ron had looked in on him before going down. "Well?" he asked.

"Fine," said his father-in-law. "You look worried, Ron. If it's over me, forget it. I hope it's over me?"

Ron relaxed his face consciously. He said, "Naturally."

"Then," said Allen, "your worry's superfluous. Go eat your breakfast."

Jenny was alone at the breakfast table, crumbling the thin toast, drinking her coffee black.

"Good morning," said Ron, and smiled at her. It was not altogether the effort he had imagined.

"Hello," she said. She added, "It's a marvelous day." And then, as the pantry door closed and they were alone, "How's Lydia?"

"She's all right," he said, his face closed again, hard as a fist.

"Coffee? This is fresh."

He nodded.

She poured the coffee. "Two?" she asked—"and cream?"

Sun slanted in, the curtains stirred at the windows, a robin spoke cheerfully outside, flowers bloomed in the big room. They were alone, drawing close, without speech, in a mute explicable intimacy. You could almost pretend that this was your house, your table, and your man at the head of it, drinking his good coffee. Almost, but not quite.

Jenny roused herself. She said, "I forgot to ask you about your patient."

"Who?" he asked, abstracted.

"At the Irving House, wasn't it? I don't know her name."

He said, "She's all right. Too much lobster coupled with imagination."

They fell silent again. The pantry door opened and closed, they were served, presently a telephone rang and was answered, and then there was silence again.

Ron pushed back his plate, lit a cigarette, and rose. He suggested, "Let's go somewhere—I want to talk to you."

She followed him out of the house into the direct sunlight of the terrace. Abruptly he sat down on the low stone wall which enclosed the flagged space.

"Here," he said; "beside me."

She sat down, and looked at him. He saw how pale she was, a smooth even pallor, and how dark her eyes by contrast. Her hair had the sheen of silk; her fine hands were folded

quietly in her lap. He regarded her absently as one looks at a picture, without thinking much about it, and saw how beautifully her throat rose from the simple neckline of a cotton frock the color of faded roses.

He said: "There are things you don't talk about—or shouldn't. Things that belong particularly to a man and his wife. But you are in on this, Jenny. I must tell you. You are the only person to whom I can talk. I can't talk to Lydia's father."

She nodded without speaking. She was—or seemed—completely serene. She was often silent—a lovely silence, warm and kind.

He said, "Last night was a—a sort of skirmish. We won, I think." He described it briefly. He added, "But it's a delusion to think we'd always win. Jenny, she wants you to stay with her."

"You suggested that?" she asked evenly, but her heart hammered against her side. No, she thought, *no*.

"She did. Quite of her own accord. She made pledges—she said, if I would do this for her, she would—be well again; she would have a child." He paused. He added bluntly, "I told her, 'You're not fit to have a child.'"

"Need you have said that?"

"It's true, isn't it? A woman in her physical and mental state?"

She said slowly, "The easier way would have been to agree to everything, give her an incentive to be cured—and then afterward—"

To her astonishment, he laughed, and she shrank, a little, wounded and incredulous. He said finally:

"You're a woman too. Devious, cutting corners, thinking around them, preferring compromises." He turned at last and looked at her. "So I'm to promise?" he said. "And yet know all the time that I don't intend to keep my word? Is that what you want me to do, Jenny?"

She said, "When she's well she'll see things differently. She's not normal now. In her normal condition she'd realize what an impossibility she's asking me—and then, if Lydia still wants me, Ron, I'll come."

His face was filled with light. He said, "You'd do it? Don't think for a moment I don't know what you're relinquishing."

"That doesn't matter. Perhaps she won't need me long."

Later she was to remember that.

He rose, stood before her, and took her hands in his own. He said, astonished, "Your hands are cold."

They lay quiet in his, and Jenny smiled at him. She said, "It will all work out. You didn't finish saying what you think about consulting Vernon."

He retained her hands in his. He said, "I don't know. Perhaps you're right. But how to persuade her? I'd have to see him, of course."

She said slowly, "Perhaps not. If she went of her own accord—without, ostensibly, your knowledge?"

"You mean you'd persuade her?"

"I could try," said Jenny. "I don't promise results. But your promise,

Breath of Life

Can a woman hold a man by laughing and lying . . when a lovely girl is by his side?

She said, in essence, that she was afraid to be alone—and that you knew."

"I see."

He added, "This morning she asked me to promise to give up my practice in order to be with her."

Jenny's hands moved, tightened. Color rose suddenly in her face with an effect of shock and violence. Her eyes blazed; they were almost black. She said, "But that's insane. You can't—you mustn't!"

He said wearily, "I didn't promise. But what am I to do?" His mouth was taut. "She's my wife and she's ill. It *is* an illness."

Jenny asked, "You'd do that—for her?"

He shrugged his shoulders. He answered after a moment, "How much of this situation has been my fault? I tell you, I feel responsible."

She spoke without thinking. She said, "How much you must love her!"

He turned away. His voice was steady.

"No," he said; "not now—not for a long time. Not in the way you mean."

The silence was thick between them, golden and hot with sunshine, broken by the blundering passage of a bee, the high silver sound of a bird singing.

"She's given me a reprieve until her father dies," Ron went on harshly. "Not in so many words, but that is what she implied."

Jenny drew a sharp breath. Still he did not look at her. He could not.

Presently he said: "This morning she'd consider what your profession means to you."

"I doubt it."

Jenny went on, "And, too, she wouldn't be afraid. She wouldn't be at all as she now is—can't you see that?"

"Pretty specious," he told her. "Lie to the patient. When she recovers—*if* she recovers—she will understand that it was in a good cause and the right remedy."

"You can't handle this, Ron—it's too close to you. Could you persuade her to see some one else, some one impersonal?" She hesitated a moment, then added courageously, "Say, James Vernon?"

She saw the muscles tighten along his jaw. Vernon was the chief in psychiatry at Lister.

He said slowly, "He's a great man—none better. The wrong man would, of course, be fatal. Or perhaps, in this case, even the right one."

She thought, You can't bear to have her go to Vernon; you think it's an admission of failure on your part; it hits you where every man lives—in his sex pride.

How human he was, how vulnerable—like any other man. Yet when you saw Theron Lewis work, you forgot he was a man; you thought of him as a sort of destiny, calm and foreknowing, impersonal and detached. She thought, My darling, if there were anything I could do!

There was one thing she could do.

Aloud she said, "I'll have to give them time at the hospital to replace me—and then, if Lydia still wants me, Ron, I'll come."

His face was filled with light. He said, "You'd do it? Don't think for a moment I don't know what you're relinquishing."

"That doesn't matter. Perhaps she won't need me long."

Later she was to remember that.

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She said slowly, "Perhaps not. If she went of her own accord—without, ostensibly, your knowledge?"

"You mean you'd persuade her?"

"I could try," said Jenny. "I don't promise results. But your promise, Ron? What are you going to do about that?"

"I don't know!" he admitted miserably.

He dropped her hands and turned away. She said after a moment, "It's your life. It would be only half a life, Ron, as if you'd gone blind."

But he was walking away from her, across the terrace and into the house.

He mustn't, she told herself. He mustn't! I'll fight. Some one has to fight.

Are you thinking of him, something hard and unyielding asked her, or of yourself? You've a little of him now. His friendship, his affection is dependent upon your working partnership. If you lose that you lose him. Are you thinking of his welfare or of your own? Why are you so ready to sacrifice Lydia, if it is to be a sacrifice?

☆ RON was walking about Lydia's room. She had breakfasted, and then dozed off, and lay wide awake in bed, complaining, half laughing, half fretful: "I'm much too tired to get up—"

He said, standing at her dressing table, his back to her, "Jenny says she'll give up her job and come to us to live."

She could see his face in the mirror. She cried, "That's wonderful—how did you persuade her?"

"It didn't take much persuasion, Lydia. She wants to help."

Lydia's face was brilliant with secret laughter. I'll bet it didn't, she thought. Strategy. Keep your enemy

close to you, where you can watch him, disarm him with dependence. *Love* your enemies, thought Lydia happily.

She said softly, "*You* haven't promised."

Ron came over to the bed. He sat down on the edge of it, and when she put her hands out to him in an appealing gesture, he took them in his own.

He said gravely, "If, after you are well again, you still feel about this as you do, I promise to do as you ask."

He hated himself. Why couldn't he be honest, clean-cut, surgical? Say yes or say no? Jenny had infected him with her woman's reliance upon compromise and half measures. Cowardice had infected him, the faint hope that there might be a way out—that, as Jenny had suggested, Lydia, in full possession of her regained faculties, would not consider imposing the life sentence.

"Oh, darling—" she said, and her face was bright again with triumph.

When he had gone, she lay back against her pillows, too replete with complacency to stir, to ring for Mary. She thought over the day she had planned, the party tonight. She thought, faintly regretful, that she must open her hands and let Timothy Wilson go—she no longer had any need for him. She had what she wanted: Jenny under her eyes by day, by night; Jenny to companion, to guard her. It was very amusing. They didn't know that it would be she who would watch Jenny—sly, traitorous Jenny.

She had Ron's promise. He would keep it.

She hated him.

He had said, "You aren't fit to have a child." Well, she was fit. She'd have her child, she would laugh at them all. The upper hand, the last word. Pretty Lydia, weak and docile, tender and pliant—do be careful of her, don't cross her, treat her as you'd treat an invalid child, an imbecile child. She wants to get well.

Lydia laughed aloud.

☆ JENNY resigned her position at Lister, to the stupefaction of all concerned. She lied steadily, with complete calm, in answer to every argument, every question. She was tired, she was growing stale. She must have time to get herself in hand again. "Nonsense!" said her superintendent testily to Ron Lewis. "What's wrong with the girl? Best OB supervisor I ever had. . . . Sure it isn't some man? If it is, why doesn't she say so, come out with it? Aylmer for choice?"

Ron said, "No; you're wrong there, I think. For the time being, she is going to live with us. She"—he swallowed and went on—"she and my wife are close friends. Lydia has wanted her to come to us for a long time. You know my father-in-law—he won't have a nurse around, except of course when he knows it's immediate. But Jenny's like one of the family—and so—"

"Oh," said the superintendent, "I see."

That was that. Ron left the office, and the sweat stood on his forehead, the palms of his hands were wet.

Allen was another kettle of fish. An explanation seemed easy. It wasn't.

"Jenny's given up her Lister job; she's pretty tired," Ron had told Allen carelessly. "She thought her vacation would fix her up, but it didn't."

"She looks tired," agreed Allen thoughtfully, "and she didn't seem quite as usual, but she didn't look as if she were at the end of her rope. And I'd have sworn she wouldn't quit unless she were."

"She hides things."

"I suppose so. What's she going to do, go to her mother?"

"No; as a matter of fact, Lydia's asked her to come and stay with us —

BY REAMER KELLER

"You'll be all right in a minute, Edwin, I'm filling in between the bumps with plastic wood!"

for a while, for as long as she likes. She'd be company for her and—"

"Lydia has plenty of company." Allen chuckled. "Not that it won't be pleasant to have Jenny around." He looked sharply at his son-in-law and his face altered. "See here," he demanded. "This isn't a conspiracy, is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't look so innocent. I'm not one of your patients, grateful and credulous. I mean, you haven't persuaded yourself that I need a nurse, have you, and selected this way to procure one? Garron will have your ears," he warned; "for if I'm ever to be a chronic in need of bedside nursing, she'd slit your throat before she'd let any one else—"

Ron said, "No; you're barking up the wrong tree. Although, frankly, it's a good idea to have Jenny in the house, when I'm out of it, to scold you now and then and make you rest. I've considered that. Beyond that, no ulterior motive, I assure you."

"I believe you," said his father-in-law; "but"—he shook his head—"there is something here which doesn't quite meet the eye." He added, "You'd better come clean. What is it, Ron?"

"Nothing."

"If you're keeping something from me," said his father-in-law sharply, "you'll regret it."

Ron grinned and smote him on the shoulder. "Bats," he diagnosed, "in the belfry. Don't be so suspicious."

"Well, all right," said Allen. "And I don't mind confessing Jenny will be an addition to the household."

"Walk carefully," Ron cautioned Jenny. "He knows something's up—but not what."

They moved back to town in October, and Jenny settled down in the household. It would be easier in the city. In Southampton, during the last weeks there, when, released from the hospital, she was free to go, Ron had not been down at all. There were nights when she sat in Lydia's room, or lay beside her on the bed, fighting the quiet and desperate battle, talking or reading to her, giving the sedatives Ron had ordered. Sometimes she won, sometimes she lost. Sometimes Lydia clung to her like a child in the dark. "Talk to me; don't leave me; don't let me—whatever I say—"

☆ SOMETIMES Lydia cursed her, and sometimes she wept. And when the battle was a losing one, sometimes her tongue would be loosened and she would talk and talk. And Jenny would listen, sick and still with horror. But this was more than—No, it couldn't be. "Now," Lydia said, "I'll tell you just why you're here and what I think of you."

Did she think that—was that why? It didn't matter, thought Jenny. Nothing mattered but helping her—if she could help her.

And in the morning:

"Darling, I'm so sorry. It won't happen again. What did I do, what did I say? No, don't tell me. Whatever I said, I didn't mean it."

In the city it was different. Ron was at home much of the time, and Lydia was his responsibility, except upon the occasions when he came quietly to Jenny's room and called her, and she went in to Lydia's room with him and they both fought.

"It's no use," he said more than once. "We'll have to have outside help, a definite course of treatment."

Yet he couldn't bring himself to that. It would mean telling Allen—or lying to him. And you couldn't lie, in this instance. He was her father and a physician.

During the days Jenny's time was tacitly her own. She could see those of her friends who were free, shop, go to a matinee or a movie. She was drawing a salary. That was the only way Ron would have it, and Lydia too.

On the nights when Ron and Lydia were out together, she read or knitted, listened to the radio, made herself unobtrusively useful to Dr. Allen. His attacks continued. They were frequent if not severe. He was in bed much of the time. He was no longer available for consultations. He said, "Well, we may as well admit that I'm washed up," but there was the fiction in the family that one day he would

(*Continued on page* 46)

Six Pullman passengers have their say—

A FEW WEEKS AGO we put a cameraman and a newspaper reporter aboard a Pullman train to find out exactly what people thought about Pullman travel.

Job of the cameraman: to snap unstudied, unposed pictures. Job of the reporter: to get frank answers to questions about Pullman comfort, Pullman service.

Here's the result of their investigation, made on a typical Pullman operating between New York and Chicago.

PASSENGER: Walter H. Brown
Salesman, Jenkintown, Pa.

QUESTION:

How did you sleep last night?

MR. BROWN:

Like a top. I always sleep well on a Pullman. I think you have the most comfortable beds on earth. Not to mention that the sheets are so crisp they crackle—and all the blankets you need.

PASSENGER: M. W. Boyer
Sales Executive, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION:

So you and your wife travel Pullman quite often? Do you find it comfortable?

MR. BOYER:

Oh, very. We've always been ones for liking our comfort and I guess that's the big reason we travel this way. Mrs. Boyer especially likes the little home-like touches like having clothes hangers and reading lights and plenty of shelf space in the berths. It's about as comfortable as home, I'd say.

PASSENGER: Arthur Secor
Mechanical Engineer, Pearl River, New York

QUESTION:

What did you think about the service of your porter?

MR. SECOR:

Pretty near perfect. He even polished my shoes better than my regular bootblack. I swear I don't know how he takes care of so many people so well.

PASSENGER: Mrs. Larry French
Housewife, Los Angeles, California

QUESTION:

Does it bore you to ride on a Pullman?

MRS. FRENCH:

Bore me? I should say not. You can meet the most charming and sociable people on a Pullman. There's really no nicer place in the world for friendly conversation than a Pullman lounge car.

PASSENGER: Walter Williams
Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION:

You say you're an old Pullman passenger? Just why do you go Pullman?

MR. WILLIAMS:

Because, as a businessman, I have to be sure I'm going to arrive *where* I'm going *when* I've promised to—regardless of weather. And on a Pullman I can really relax. I know I'm safe.

PASSENGER: Helene Petitjean
Teacher, Denver, Colorado

QUESTION:

Do you think Pullman travel is expensive?

MRS. PETITJEAN:

Well, I teach French for a living, but I can afford to go Pullman. What little extra it costs is more than worth it. When I travel other ways I get terribly tired out and irritated. Going by Pullman is as comfortable as living in my own house.

* * *

WE HOPE these people have convinced you that you should try Pullman the next time you go some place. You'll find it's the pleasantest way to travel.

FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY—
GO PULLMAN

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts,

So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

---SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)---

LARUS & BRO. CO.
311 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

*Name*_____
(Please print your name and address clearly)

*Address*_____

*City or Town*_____

*State*_____ 311

WHAT ARE THOUGHTS?

Where do they start? What is this mysterious power possessed only by humans? Fascinating and instructive are the facts about your inner mind, your personality, your understanding; facts taught secretly by the Rosicrucians for centuries. Learn about it; but first write for FREE BOOKLET to SCRIBE A. Z. X. THE ROSICRUCIANS (A. M. O. R. C.) SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 44)

be able to go on where he had left off. Jenny managed to spend a good deal of time with him. When he felt well enough, Mrs. Petersen came and he dictated to her. Other days he lay quietly in bed, listening to the radio, and snapping it off when the news was too disturbing. Jenny would knock and come in. Sometimes they talked; sometimes she read to him; often they were companionably silent. He said to her once, "You are the most restful person I have ever met. It's like being pleasantly alone."

"That's not entirely a compliment," she complained, smiling, "as it means I have no personality."

"On the contrary, I have never met any one with more. But it doesn't shatter a fellow; it has no steam-roller qualities. . . ."

She saw Ward Aylmer, went out with him occasionally. Her insurance salesman had drifted away. An impatient man, he could not wait forever for a girl to change her mind. But Ward remained faithful. He did not like the set-up, he told her. What was she doing in the Allen household? As for being tired, that was nonsense, as she had never looked better.

☆ OCTOBER was pure cool gold and a laughing wind and, if you bothered to look up, a clean and empty sky, flawed sapphire. November was dark. Snow fell early, and presently it was Christmas and Lydia began talking of the South. "Jenny and I," she announced—"you won't miss us, Ron. And it would be good for dad—you said so yourself, the warmer climate—if only he'd come."

Ron said, "He isn't strong enough to travel."

"He doesn't think so. You fuss like an old woman. I thought," she said, "of Boca Raton? There's no reason why you can't come if you want to, Ron."

She was terribly nervous. She would not, could not be alone a moment. Her engagement book was crowded. Luncheon, contract, a charity board meeting, cocktails—"Tomato juice," she'd say, smiling; "you know, I don't drink, more's the pity"—dinner, theater. She couldn't sit, or keep her hands still. And by the first of the year she was managing to secrete keys—Ron had taken the keys of her room, but she had others made—and lock herself in again.

Jenny said despairingly, "If it would help to take her South?"

"Her gang's down there," said Ron. "Wilson, Amabell, the whole kit and boodle of them. I don't know how you'd manage."

"And you couldn't come too?"

He couldn't. He was busy; he had cases booked straight through the winter. "War," he said, "is a boon to the obstetrician. Why do more women have babies during war? And don't say selectees coming home on leave," he remarked one evening.

"I didn't," said Jenny indignantly. "You thought it. It's something else. It's psychological. Death all around, youth blown out like a candle, life held so lightly. Men create death, and women combat it by giving new life. I don't know—it seems like that to me. Maybe I'm crazy. A provision of Nature, who abhors waste, who manages to produce life from death: the grass springing from the disintegrating flesh, the moccasin flower nodding from the rotten log—"

Lydia had been listening, smoking continuously. She cried out sharply. "Stop talking like that," she demanded. "It's horrible, it's ugly—I hate it!"

Lydia was afraid of death. She could not imagine a world without her. She could not imagine any other world.

☆ SHE was as irresolute as a swallow during the first January weeks. Her days were like a swallow's flight, veering, restless and uncertain. She made engagements and broke them; she ordered reservations for the South and canceled them. She couldn't leave Ron, she said, or her father. She had always been extravagant, and now her buying was a frenzy of spending. Sometimes she bought and the next day returned the purchases. She'd been mad, she declared. She looked dreadful in the dress or hat or whatever it was. But custom-made things—and most of hers were custom-made—could not be returned. She overdrew, and went to Ron for money. He warned, writing her a check for the overdraft:

"Look here, Lydia, you've got to cut down. These aren't normal times. Taxes are very heavy and will become more so. You'll soon be going without, not only because you can't afford it but because you won't be able to get what you want."

"That's nonsense," she argued. "The newspapers are just trying to scare people."

It wasn't nonsense, he told her. He vetoed her desire for a new car, and she reminded him, for the first time during their marriage, that she had her own income, a trust from her mother.

He said mildly, "But you have spent it until next quarter."

Gradually it became Jenny's job to go on Lydia's shopping expeditions as unobtrusively as possible, and to prevent her, whenever she could, from unnecessary, unbridled spending. She said to Ron one blowy wintry night when Lydia was out of the room: "It's like a disease."

He looked at her, and then each turned his regard away. But there was something unspoken and frightening between them.

He asked carefully, "Have you suggested Vernon to her?"

"Several times."

"And—?"

"It's no use, Ron; she'd never consult him voluntarily. Besides, she knows him."

"Well, yes, she's met him; but what has that to do with—"

She said unhappily: "She knows

his specialty. She said, 'I suppose you think I'm losing my mind?'"

Ron spoke out of a heavy silence.

"There isn't a man living who'd diagnose—" He broke off, and added, "As far as I can see, it began in childhood. She's always been rather frail. Her father told me once that she was a brilliant scholar but would or could not retain what she learned, and soon grew impatient of discipline or restriction. She herself has said she was spoiled because—it was easier for them. By them she meant her parents. She seems to have resented the close bond and understanding between them, and to have felt that she never came first. After her mother's death she did, naturally, with her father . . . Then when she grew up—"

He thought, Marriage affronted her; it broke into her dream; it was too much reality, too earthy.

Aloud he said, "With her original temperament and then the drinking as a factor—"

Lydia came back into the room and looked from one to the other.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

Her eyes narrowed, her mouth was a red line.

Jenny answered, smiling; "You."

"I thought so! But I bet you wouldn't tell me what you were saying."

"That you are putting on weight."

It was true; she was rounder, she had gained eight pounds. She said, her suspicions momentarily forgotten, "I eat too much candy. I'll have to stop."

Candy and sodas and twice as much sugar in her tea or coffee as once she had taken. Jenny had watched, saying nothing. The body was putting up its own fight, substituting as best it could.

☆ FOR several weeks now there had been no difficulty, no appeals and no locking of the door.

Yet, on the next day, it happened. Jenny had gone with Lydia to the hairdresser's, and waited the interminable time it took her to have her scalp treatment, her wash and set, her facial, manicure and pedicure. When Lydia was under the dryer she had one of the girls go into the waiting room and call Jenny. Jenny went back to the booth, and Lydia said apologetically, "Darling, I forgot. I promised to pick up the black dinner dress—I wanted to be sure I'd have it tonight. Take the car and get it and call back for me, will you? It will save time, and we promised to meet Marjorie at one."

Marjorie. Marjorie Davis. A new friend, sleek, polished, and effectively weary. A new enthusiasm. Lydia had met her at one of the relief organizations. She adored her, her background of Virginia, a Paris convent, and three husbands.

Jenny went off. It took time to get the car. There was no parking space, and Cullen had had to drive around the block when at a little after twelve he returned to call for them. They

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went to the dress shop, and there was a little delay there also. When Jenny got back to the beauty salon, Lydia had gone. The girl who had done her nails said blankly, "But she just left, Miss Barton; she said she was meeting you."

Jenny, disturbed, went to the Ritz to keep the luncheon appointment. Surely Lydia would be there. Marjorie was, on the stroke of one. She was a curiously punctual woman. One, one fifteen, one thirty—Lydia had not appeared.

"I can't understand—"

"Surely she knew she was meeting me—didn't she say so?" asked Marjorie, annoyed. "You knew."

Jenny lied. "Not this morning," she said. "Last night. . . . Yes, of course. She must have mixed her dates."

"Sounds very fishy," said Marjorie.

Jenny said appealingly, "You mustn't wait for us, Mrs. Davis. I'll go back home and wait for her—perhaps she's there now."

"You could phone," suggested Marjorie.

Jenny came back from the telephone booth. "She isn't there," she said, "and there's no message." Marjorie was looking at her very oddly. She said, improvising, "Ron said something at breakfast this morning—about luncheon, I mean. That's it. She's forgotten our engagement with you; she's gone to meet him."

"How uxorious—if that's the word and if it *is* Ron," said Marjorie. "Not that I blame her." She thought of Mr. Davis, who was very fat and very rich, and sighed. She added, "Well, I'll forgive her this time—but nobody stands me up more than once."

Jenny went back to the apartment. There was nothing else she could do. She dismissed Cullen and said that Mrs. Lewis would telephone when she needed him. She didn't think she would be going out again today; there were people coming for dinner.

She sat with Dr. Allen, spinning her fictional excuses. No, she hadn't been with Lydia, except at the hairdresser's. Lydia had gone off to keep an engagement.

He slept, later in the afternoon. Jenny went in the living room and the tea service came in. She drank a cup, crumbled a biscuit. Her pulse was too fast, her hands shook. She was jumpy as a cat.

At five the bell rang, and she ran to answer it, brushing aside the astonished butler.

"Lydia!"

Lydia was smiling. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes brilliant. Her hat was crooked, and her lipstick smeared. She said, "Hello, darling. Am I late?"

Somehow Jenny got her to her room. She was very unsteady and almost incoherent. There were things you could do, and Jenny did them. Afterward, when she had Lydia in bed, she sat beside her watching her sleep.

Then she went out quietly and found the list of people who were to dine with the Lewises, and called them, one by one, and canceled the engagement. She said that Lydia was down, very suddenly, with the flu.

☆ RON came home early. She met him and told him. He asked, "Where in heaven's name was she?"

"I don't know, exactly. Every bar in town—according to her."

"That tears it. Dozens of people may have seen her."

"It can't be helped now."

"Weren't there people coming for dinner?"

"I canceled—luckily, there were only six and dinner wasn't until eight fifteen."

"What did you tell them?"

"Flu."

"Is she asleep?"

"Yes, finally."

"So it's to do all over again," he said wearily. "This time we'll have to have help—Vernon, or some one like him. And if a sanitarium is indicated, well, we'll have to manage, that's all—lie, get the consultants to lie. I can't sacrifice her," he said, "even though it might mean sacrificing him. What a choice!"

At seven Dr. Allen rang his bell and asked to see Miss Barton. When she arrived, he asked, smiling, "Any social shenanigans tonight?"

"No."

"I thought I heard something about a party."

"It's off. Lydia came home with a slight temperature. It's probably a touch of flu. She's in bed, asleep, after the usual remedies. I made her excuses to her guests."

"Bad time of year," he said, frowning thoughtfully. "Have you called Timmons?"

"She wouldn't hear of it. Ron says she'll be all right. Of course, if she's no better tomorrow, we'll have him first thing."

"I," said Lydia's father, "feel like a new man. I slept most of the afternoon. I'll dine with you and Ron, if you will permit me the laxity of a dressing gown—the brocade one Lydia gave me for Christmas. I feel, when I wear it, as if I were at a masquerade."

That was a very dreadful evening: the three of them at the table, the older man in the brocade dressing gown, decrying his diet, speaking hopefully of his improvement; the other two determinedly bright, cheer-

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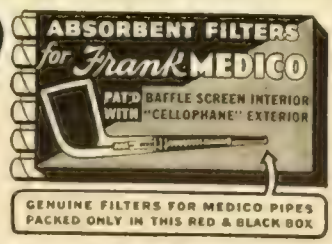

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ful, and entertaining. And not very far away, Lydia, asleep.

After dinner Jenny slipped away to sit with her, to return before she had been away too long, reporting that the nonexistent temperature was down and that she slept. And presently Allen, yawning, decided that he was tired. "Foolish," he commented, "how a little exertion throws you. But it's been a very pleasant evening."

Standing with Jenny in Lydia's room, "Do you think he suspects—" Ron began.

"No, of course not. Ron, you look terribly tired!"

He said, "I'll go to bed. Jenny, don't worry so. In the morning we'll decide."

"Perhaps I should stay with her?"

"No. I'll leave my door open; I'll hear her. Good night, my dear."

Jenny went to bed. It was too early; she would never sleep. She picked up a mystery novel and tried to read; but before eleven she switched out the light. Her brain was numb with thinking. She was tired, after all.

Ron slept, and Lydia. And Dr. Allen, putting aside his book, padded quietly down the hall in his slippers. Dark and still. He'd look in on Lydia. Not that Ron and Jenny wouldn't know what to do for her. But she was susceptible to colds. As a child she had twice had flu pneumonia.

He went softly into her room. The door leading into Ron's room was open, but Ron's light was out. A night light burned by Lydia's bed. Allen leaned over her cautiously, put his thin finger on her pulse, and stood there, frowning.

He touched her face gently. She did not stir. Her face was flushed, swollen, her breathing stertorous. Yet no elevation of temperature was evident.

He bent closer to the life source, to her breath.

Presently he straightened up and stood motionless beside her. He was remembering a great many things which at the time of their occurrence had seemed trivial. Her debut, for instance. He had explained tolerantly, "Lydia isn't used to champagne, absurd child." And the other times when he had found her excited, febrile, and had warned her, "I wish you wouldn't. I know your crowd does, but—" She'd laughed always: "Angel, you're crazy. I had just one, a little one."

Since her marriage to Ron things had been different, or so Lydia's father had thought. How grateful he had been to Ron—not that he had been seriously disturbed about Lydia, beyond the normal anxiety any father would experience.

Now all Lydia's secret life was clear to him with a horrible lucidity. And Ron's.

That was why Jenny was here. They had tried to keep this from him and had almost succeeded.

Well, face it, Allen; you've always faced things. Tomorrow talk to Ron. Now you know, it will be easier for him; he won't have to pretend any longer.

He returned to his room as quietly as he had left it. Getting into bed, he lay back against his high-piled pillows, thinking, planning. After a while he put out his hand for the pad and pencil which lay on the bedside table. Sometimes, when he could not sleep, he entertained himself by making notes for his book.

For a long time he wrote, at first slowly, painfully, and then with increasing rapidity. There was no sound in the room except his breathing and the scratch of the pencil on paper. Suddenly he was mortally tired. He folded the sheets together, put them in a long envelope, and the envelope between the pages of one of the books lying on the bedside table.

He thought, In the morning . . .

The premonitory pang shook him, an excruciating agony, the sensation as of splinters of glass piercing his heart, the merciless pain in the left arm and shoulder. He fought the rising familiar panic, felt the icy sweat drench him. He reached for the amyl nitrite ampules on the table.

Ring—rouse the house, rouse Ron.

His hand relaxed. The little amyl nitrite pearl rolled to the floor.

Now will Ron be able to force Lydia to go to a sanitarium? And what lies ahead for Jenny? Next week this gripping novel of love and fear and selfishness and groping hearts speeds toward a surprising dramatic climax.

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BLOOD OF THE DRAGON—Continued from Page 19

ing to hide, that he was just what he seemed.

So—since he had to see Macdonnell immediately, to give him further and urgent instructions and to get the other's report—he entered a saloon. There was no telephone booth. The instrument was in the corner, by the side of the bar. Anybody could hear.

He dialed Macdonnell's number. Let whoever wished watch and make a note of it. Macdonnell was, unofficially, on relief and lived in a cheap uptown lodginghouse.

"I want to talk to Macdonnell—Jim Macdonnell. . . ."

And a minute or two later: "Hyah, Mac! This is Simpson. Busy?"

A pause for the other's answer to come over the wire, followed by the detective's suggestion to come and shoot a game of pool at Sammy's Arcadia in a half hour. . . .

"All right? Swell! Be seeing you, Mac."

☆ SAMMY'S Arcadia was large and smoky and noisy. There was a garish juke box. There were two dozen billiard tables, a hundred or more people. Some were playing, some shouting advice; and amid the yelling, the laughter, the raucous wailing and hammering of the juke box, it was hardly possible to follow individual conversations.

Simpson and Macdonnell found an empty table. They started a game. They were both good at it.

Occasionally they made loud remarks that peaked shrill and high above the din:

"Say, of all the flukes! Bet you couldn't do it again."

"O. K. Bet you a dollar, sport."

Yet between their exclamations they conversed, fluently and swiftly, through lips that barely moved.

Simpson related what had happened.

"Corner pocket!" cried Macdonnell.

"Missed it!" laughed Simpson. "Slip me that buck!"

A dollar changed hands. Simpson chalked his cue and he began to run up a long score, while Macdonnell in the meantime reported what he had found out.

He had telephoned to Lincoln Wong, the waiter at the Golden Peiping Cabaret. Nag Yat, it appeared, had shown up there early on the previous night and had proceeded directly to the secret room on the top floor which was reached by a very narrow spiral stair leading from the manager's office and hidden—Wong had discovered months earlier—by a cleverly constructed sliding panel. About half an hour later a man had come into the lobby over the doorman's protest. Wong had been there at the time. The man, who was tall, burly, with reddish-gold hair, had asked Wong where the manager's office was. He had spoken with a slightly guttural accent.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—Because the Secretary of the Treasury, by law, is not allowed to own or sell any government securities.

2—A victory which costs too much. King Pyrrhus, after a victory over the Romans, is reported to have said, "Another such victory and Pyrrhus is destroyed!"

3—She successfully withstood the firing of all nine of her sixteen-inch guns simultaneously, and ten of her twenty five-inch guns, the first time such a heavy salvo has ever been fired from a battleship.

4—Between thirty-five and forty.

5—It was asked by one of Bluebeard's wives, hoping to be saved from her murderous husband.

6—In the East, according to legend, princes who wished to accomplish the ruin of some person sent him a white elephant, which was expensive to keep, useless, and, since it was sacred, couldn't be destroyed or given away.

7—"Kitchen Cabinet" was the term applied to advisers of President Andrew Jackson by his political opponents.

8—Elias Howe is credited with the invention.

9—In theory, this could go on forever. Each day she divides the cake in half—there is always half left.

10—The rich white pine lumber region of the Columbia River basin. It takes in parts of Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Oregon.

11—The soybean, for which innumerable uses have been found.

12—The Bay of Panama.

13—Yes. John Adams made him "Commander in Chief of the Army," when it appeared, in 1798, that the U. S. might go to war with France.

14—The National Defense Mediation Board.

15—The eighth Marquis of Queensberry, who developed the rules for modern boxing.

16—The Gregorian. It was adapted by Gregory XIII in the sixteenth century from the calendar devised by Julius Caesar, known as the Julian Calendar.

17—No. It is believed that the expression comes from a bygone custom of levying a "nose tax" in much the same way as a "poll tax" is levied today.

18—It was fought against the Barbary pirates. From 1801 to 1805 the U. S. sent warships against them and finally won an agreement with their government in Tripoli not to molest our ships.

19—The mean, or average, is 4, obtained by adding the five numbers and dividing by five. The median, or middle, is also 4, two numbers being larger and two smaller.

20—Alice Marble. She is with the Office of Civilian Defense, working to improve physical fitness in American women.

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(from a letter by I. E. K., Chicago, Ill.)

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(from a letter by A. B., Paducah, Ky.)

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(from a letter by G. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.)

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The stranger, too, must have gone to the secret room. For not long afterward, his work being finished, Wong had left. He had hung about the street, watching, looking up at the window of the manager's office. Ten minutes later the electric light there had been switched off. But although Wong had waited for another hour, the stranger had not reappeared.

A man, Simpson thought, with reddish-gold hair and speaking with a slightly guttural accent.

"Listen, Mac!" through barely moving lips.

Orders to find out whatever he could about Manfred von Dennewitz; look up the Washington files; put a twenty-four-hour tail on the man; communicate by cable with H.L.7 agent Logan Kerr in Switzerland. . . .

Another idea struck him.

"I want to know if there have been recently any large sales in tobacco shares."

The juke box blared a jungly jazz. Somebody started singing.

"Another game?"

"Suits me."

This time it was Macdonnell who ran up a long score while reporting more he had learned from Wong.

He spoke about an airplane and a flying field.

"A private flying field, I guess," he wound up. "And the plane must be small. A two-seater. But powerful. Going to Yucatan. Will you . . .?"

"O. K. Get one of our boys, young Casey Hubbard, at the Civil Aeronautics Bureau, over on Long Island. Have him look up records."

They finished their game; left: strolled along Broadway.

"I'll have all the information by tonight," said Macdonnell. "I'll phone."

It was a little after seven that evening, and Simpson was sitting in the lobby of his other hotel—Mike Hannigan's on the Bowery—when the desk clerk called out to him.

"Telephone for you."

He entered the booth. Macdonnell's voice boomed over the wire: "Say! I got a straight tip on that Havana race tomorrow we talked about."

"Aw, I *know* your straight tips."

"This is the real thing—honest! Babylon in the fifth. Four-to-one shot. Cal Deutsch is in the saddle. And—take it from me—that guy can make a joke of all the others."

"You mean it?"

"Sure's you're born." A pause. Then Macdonnell repeated: "A joke—see?"

"All right. I'll risk a ten spot."

"Cut me in?"

"O. K."

Simpson crossed over to the newsstand. He bought a newspaper. He sat down; looked at the sports page.

Right. There were races tomorrow at Havana, and a three-year-old called Babylon with Cal Deutsch up.

What had Macdonnell meant?

Simpson wondered. Then, suddenly, he knew.

Babylon was a place on Long Island. Large estates in the neighborhood. Several with their own flying fields. And Deutsch, of course, meant German.

But what else had Macdonnell tried to convey? Why had he dwelled on the word "joke"?

Simpson lit a cigarette. Again he wondered and again, suddenly, he knew.

Joke indeed!

For the German for joke was *Witz*. Half of von Dennewitz' name.

He smiled.

He sat there for quite a while, debating—not what to do, for he knew that, but how to do it. Then, in that quick, pouncing, hunch-playing way of his, he made up his mind. Two things he needed: a revolver—and he carried one in his shoulder holster: and—yes!—a supply of candy bars, since the wait might be long.

He returned to the newsstand.

"A dozen candy bars. Mix 'em up—milk chocolate, almond, peanut brittle . . ."

The girl put the sweets in a bag.

"A little midnight snack?"

"You've said it, Toots!"

And he left Mike Hannigan's hotel; turned in the direction of the Long Island Station, making very sure that he was not being shadowed. . . .

Is Macdonnell right about von Dennewitz? And what is Simpson going to do now? By a daring coup, thrilling and unexpected, he drives nearer to the heart of Nag Yat's horrible plot. Next week's chapter is tense, dramatic. Don't miss it!

THE LITTLE BULB THAT WASN'T THERE .... by GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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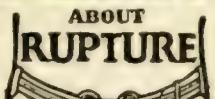

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HITLER AND GOEBBELS' WIFE—Continued from Page 11

suaded him to set up a fashion department in the Propaganda Ministry and make her head of it. She saw herself as fashion dictator. She even published a proclamation in which she said that "film actresses of German blood can wear only German clothes." But Germany roared with laughter. Goebbels rather hurriedly abolished the fashion department, and that was the end of Magda's official career.

By then the Führer had appeared in her life again. His visits to the Goebbelses' palace and to their summer home became more and more frequent. One official explanation was that Hitler was so fond of children, especially of Helga Goebbels, born in 1934. Another was that Magda was such a wonderful cook, so expert at cooking vegetable dinners for him. A third was that he went to get the Doctor's advice. It was Hitler himself who destroyed this third version. He would sigh in comic desperation that he had had to listen for hours to the *Quatscher* (gabber). That was his nickname for his Propaganda Chief.

But why, then, did he visit them so much? Simply because he could not have arranged for Magda to visit him. That is why he would persuade Goebbels to give parties and receptions, all including musical soirees. For, strangely enough, when Hitler starts seducing, there must be music. It must not be too loud nor too near. As he listens, he sits down beside the woman, looks at her with his famous soulful look, puts his hand on hers.

He never failed to take a seat beside Magda during those musicales. She could not very well get up or free her hand. But she knew why Geli Raubal, why Renate Mueller, had preferred death to life. She had seen many women before Hitler had been interested in them, and then when he was through with them.

This knowledge protected her—with one exception. There was the night in Berchtesgaden in 1936. The night before the German army marched into the Rhineland.

☆ GOEBBELS must have learned about it. Soon after his marriage he had looked around for amusement outside of his own home. As early as the summer of 1933 he established a little bachelor apartment in the West End of Berlin. There he would receive the visits of young actresses. His affairs soon became the talk of the city. As Propaganda Minister, he was more or less a dictator in the realm of the German theater and film. It was impossible for an actress to have a career if he didn't O. K. her. And, of course, he had a price.

But perhaps Goebbels threw himself into all this to forget that he was married to a woman who was in love with another man, the only man in Germany he could not touch.

The night in Berchtesgaden came about thus: Hitler, in that time of suspense, had retired to his Berghof and invited a few intimates, among them the Goebbelses. Two or three days before the march into the Rhineland, the Doctor had to return to Berlin. When the zero hour arrived, all the other guests had left—except Magda, who perhaps had no choice.

For many weeks afterward nobody saw Magda. There were rumors that she was sick, that she was in a sanatorium. When she reappeared, she seemed suddenly to have aged.

Life in Berlin continued outwardly as before. There were even those soirees at the Goebbels palace, though the Führer was present only on rare occasions. As for Goebbels himself, his excesses in the Rankestrasse apartment went beyond all bounds. Finally the movie actor, Gustav Froehlich, who was living with the beautiful actress Barova, discovered that Goebbels had forced her to obey his will. Froehlich went to Goebbels and beat him up. And within twenty-four hours all Berlin knew about it.

Magda in haste packed suitcases and left with her children. On December 23, 1938, she arrived in Zurich. That was when she talked, when she made an unclean breast of it all. She had had enough. She wanted a divorce.

All the outside world heard of her flight. Hitler ordered Goebbels to get her back. Goebbels phoned to Zurich, in vain. Then Hitler took over personally—or via Himmler. Two gentlemen called upon Frau Goebbels in Zurich. They inquired after the health of her children. They seemed greatly worried. Suppose something should happen to the children! Magda understood. She went back to Berlin.

That's how scandal was averted. Naturally, the German press had not printed a word about her flight.

As for the Führer, by this time there was another woman into whose big blue eyes he wanted to gaze. Hermann Göring had married back in April, 1935. And, just for the record, Hitler had been best man.

THE END

Hitler was to turn Hermann Göring's wife's fondest dream into a hideous nightmare—how, Mr. Riess will tell you in Liberty next week.

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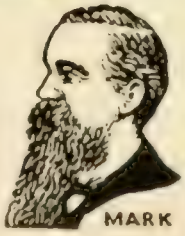
Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



TRADE MARK

ment's bounty for a month. During this month André's nights had increased in horror. Even Nina had begun to feel there was something wrong with him; for, though he still loved her and wept at her side and trembled, he no longer spoke to her. He had fallen into a silence that nothing could break, not all her pleas and kisses. And, what was worse, he had stopped practicing.

On awakening each morning now, André would dress himself in the costume of the Rose, and he would remain sitting all day on the edge of the bed in his tights, his flower jacket, and his ballet shoes. Nina found a job clerking in one of the small stores in the neighborhood. She would leave André in the morning costumed for his ballet. At six o'clock she would return to find him still sitting in his lovely costume. The phonograph stood on the floor at his feet, but she learned from the people in the next room that it never played while she was away. It never played when she was at home.

But its music was in André's head. It never went out of his head. It played constantly to him, and he danced constantly to it—as I used to see him doing long ago—sitting still without a muscle moving and dancing inside himself.

It was on a spring night that Nina came home with the news that she had spoken to a doctor about André. The doctor was coming to visit him in the morning. André looked at her with tired eyes and said nothing. He sat motionless beside the silent phonograph.

Nina was weary that night. She sighed herself to sleep, dropped some tears silently on her pillow, and managed to sleep, although she knew he was still sitting on the edge of the bed. Something woke her—a sound, a sense of danger.

She opened her eyes and saw André standing over her. He was still in his costume—otherwise she would not have recognized him. His face was contorted, his eyes were another color. His mouth was stretched wide open and a strangling sound came from his throat. Nina's heart almost stopped as she saw this figure leaning over her. She saw the hands rise from his sides and reach toward her throat. She was unable to move or cry out. The hands came slowly around her throat. Their fingers tightened—and her terror was such that she was able only to whisper, "André."

The fingers remained, but their grip grew weaker. They remained for a number of minutes, and during these minutes André's face bending over her did not belong to him. Then the hands fell away and André stood up straight. He held his arms out rigidly. He raised one foot, bent his knee, and spun in a pirouette. Watching him from her pillow with eyes still terrified, Nina saw that André was dancing.

There was barely space in which to move, but André danced in it. And she recognized each of the long practiced turns and leaps of The Specter of the Rose. She recognized even the part of the ballet he was dancing. It was the part where she had returned to her chair and her dream was leaving her.

André's face was his own now. She recognized the gentle gleaming smile with which he had always performed the finale, and although the room was silent she knew he was dancing to music. It was a smile only music could bring. And then Nina's heart grew cold. For Nina knew the finale, the famous leap to be made out of the room—and out of her dream.

André was spinning like a top beside the bed. He came out of the spins. His eyes smiled gently on her. They were the eyes of a lover who was a rose, a dream, a thing of smoke and magic. And suddenly, coiling himself into a ball, he made the leap. His body crashed through the window.

Nina was on her feet. She rushed to the broken glass. She looked and saw him. He was falling straight as an arrow, his arms lowered, his hands folded in front of him, and his feet were making entrechats. His head was tilted gracefully to one side.

She saw him only for a second or two, but she was able to tell me this: He was dancing as he fell.

THE END

Smart as a Starlet

... and busy all the time!

Just *look* at this lovely new Junior Toast 'n Jam* Set by *Toastmaster!* What a smart combination of gleaming beauty and "toastability" for countless events from breakfast to midnight pantry raids! The new non-automatic toaster pops up perfect toast with a finger-tip touch, while the colorful Franciscan ware toast plate and jam jar and the handy walnut tray add convenience to the serving. There's *everything* for toast-spreads that one and all will love—and at such a *reasonable* price! See it and other *Toastmaster** products wherever fine appliances are sold.

TOASTMASTER Jr. Toast'n Jam Set

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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53

IF you suffer monthly

FEMALE PAIN

which makes you

WEAK, CRANKY

NERVOUS, BLUE—

Try taking famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound *at once.* It's one medicine made *especially for women* that helps relieve headache, backache, cramps, weakness, nervousness—due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such tired cranky feelings. Follow label directions.

"Nudge" Your Lazy Liver Tonight!

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable,* are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but ALSO help elimination. Get a box TODAY! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Aid to SKIN Improvement

Soothing Resinol allays "bitey" irritation of externally caused pimples and thus hastens healing. Try it today!

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

MEDICATED FOR SANDPAPER THROAT

Throat raw, raspy, due to a cold? Get yourself Luden's and help yourself to quick and soothing relief. Special medicinal ingredients and cooling, comforting menthol help ease sore, tender throat membranes.

Copr. 1940, Luden's Inc.

in a different mood. "I'd like to say hello to mother beforehand. How's eight o'clock?"

"Fine," said Kay. "And don't be nervous about it. Dr. Paget is really tops, and we have one of our best specials for your mother tomorrow."

He said, "You're really very sweet, Kay, as well as efficient." He put his hand under her chin and kissed her once—not too much, not too long. It said what his words had said, that was all.

"Good night," said Kay calmly, when he had come around and opened the door for her. She knew all about the gratitude of patients and their relatives. Sometimes you saw them once after they left the hospital. Sometimes you missed the nice ones for an afternoon when they left.

She climbed the three flights of stairs to her room, intending to write Dave, when she got there, that she was not sure of being off on Sunday. But her room was hot and the light made it hotter. She turned that off, sat down in the old wicker chair by the window. The evening was filled with familiar sounds—the short warning of a car horn, quick steps along the hall outside her room, a telephone ringing—but something softer and more faint possessed it.

☆ WHEN the time came to look back on those few days that Steve was in and out of the hospital, Kay remembered that they had been lived in haste and confusion. The weather stayed hot. Her floor was busier than ever. She was needed everywhere at once.

She remembered, too, that whenever Steve came in, there were telephone messages waiting for him saying that he was expected somewhere else. On the morning of his mother's operation there were a number of calls for Steve. Ostensibly they were to make inquiries about Mrs. Harrison; but, since the operation was over and no crisis had developed, they also reminded Steve that he was in demand for dinner or a swim or a drink that afternoon.

Actually, after his mother had awakened and recognized him, Steve took himself off to an air-cooled movie. He left word with Kay where he was going in case he should be needed at the hospital. Nothing of that kind developed, but there were more calls for Steve, and as the telephone in his mother's room was cut off, they were switched to Kay's desk.

There was a quick and pleasant voice that identified itself as Mrs. Dayton, inviting Steve to an outdoor beefsteak supper in the country the next evening, and of course bring a girl if he liked. That was followed by a brief masculine inquiry for Steve; and since he wasn't there, would she please tell Mr. Harrison that Bill Johnson would meet him in the Penn Station Saturday evening?

☆ KAY wrote these messages down, together with a later request that Steve call Miss Gray at her home. When she went off duty at five o'clock, she left the messages with Miss Kelly, Mrs. Harrison's special nurse.

"Going out tonight, Kay?"

When a supervisor took last hours off, it often indicated that she was. But Kay said she was going to write letters. Specifically, she intended to write Dave, although she wasn't yet sure about having Sunday off. If Miss Lee, a graduate nurse who was out because of illness, was able to work, Kay would be free. Otherwise it would be better for Dave to postpone his visit. She made little matchstick rows of these things in her mind as she collected supper in the cafeteria dining room. Lamb croquette, beet salad, iced tea, blueberries. A few tables away Miss Larkin ate the same fare. She has grown old here, thought Kay, and this has been all her life. Suppers like this. Suddenly Kay was grateful for Dave, for his good nature, his sturdiness, his ability to provide a comfortable life. When she reached her room, she began her letter by saying that she hoped she was going to be free on Sunday.

"Telephone, Kay." There was an instrument in the hall on every floor and whoever was passing answered calls. "It's a man." Probably Dave, she thought. He often called soon after seven.

"Hello," she said, and she was consciously very pleasant. But it was not Dave; it was Steve Harrison.

"You ran out on me," he said.

"Did you get your messages?"

"Yes. And thanks."

"Your mother is fine, isn't she?"

"Yes. Harriet and Paul are in with her now. We thought we'd take an air-cooled interlude before we start for home. We'd like you to come."

"But I'm not ready, and I don't want to keep you waiting." She thought, I'm not going; I want to finish my letter to Dave.

"Well, take time to get ready. How much do you need?" And as she hesitated he added, "You're only signing away three quarters of an hour out of your life. It's for national defense, you slacker."

And while she was dressing Kay

thought that an hour of a summer evening wasn't important one way or another. She could mail her note to Dave on her way out. And she took time to finish it before she went downstairs. She liked the way she felt in high heels and rimmed about with summer cologne.

"Telephone, Kay."

She picked up the receiver this time in the main-floor hall. "We have a long-distance call for you," said the hospital operator. "Go ahead."

"I've been expecting a letter from you," said Dave.

"I haven't been sure about Sunday, Dave." She explained as briefly as possible.

"I'm very anxious to see you."

"I'll be free next week-end."

"Why don't you come home then? I'll drive down for you if I can get away early."

"Shall we leave it that way? Our time must be up."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Suppose I call you Saturday around this time. You will know then, won't you, about this coming Sunday?"

"Yes; I'll surely know. . . . Yes. Good-by, Dave."

She picked up her bag. Outside the screen door, Steve crushed out his cigarette.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Steve."

"I haven't been here long. I came in where you began to worry about Dave's money. You must have a claim staked out there."

"I'll never be one of those carefree people calling London and South Africa," said Kay; "the ones you see in pictures."

"Haven't you any extravagances?"

"Yes. I bought a fur coat once on the installment plan. It was worn out before it was paid for. I want to own the next one while it's shedding."

☆ "YOU have everything all figured out, haven't you, Kay?"

"Haven't you?" She answered so quickly that their voices seemed to have collided with a flash of sparks.

"Certainly I have." Then he put a guiding hand under her arm. "The car is over this way."

Afterward Kay remembered the cool bright chromium look of the hotel grill where they went, the shiny black table that grew moist and slippery around the small islands of match covers and crumpled cellophane. She recalled Harriet's enormous red compact, the Chinese neatness of her dark hair so oddly in contrast with her restless round eyes. And she recognized Harriet's unmistakable Western urge toward the next move: "Paul, you do know that we're stopping at the Kittengers' with Steve—"

"Yes, darling. But let's have a sandwich or something; I'm hungry."

"Let's dance," said Steve to Kay.

"Shouldn't you be at the Kittengers'?" she asked as they danced again.

"I suppose so. But you do like to dance, don't you, Kay? Do you dance very often?"

Meat
and the "girlish" figure

There is far more than pride in keeping fit these days. America wants her women at their best. The "girlish" figure is frequently just a synonym for the efficient figure. Modern nutritional knowledge shows the important place of meat in the dietary of both men and women who are interested in tipping the scales normally—and keeping that way.

THERE is a certain weight at which you look your best, feel your best and act your best.

Perhaps you don't make the effort to keep your figure trim because you think it's too unpleasant a job.

A new type of dietary thinking is now becoming current among overweight women. And physicians approve it.

It calls for a diet built around an adequate daily supply of proteins, vitamins and minerals but with a sharp curtailment of fats and carbohydrates. It calls for just enough calories so that your body—for energy purposes—will consume its own fat.

Meat plays an important part in this new dietary thinking. It is a source of complete proteins as well as B vitamins and certain minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus). Thus it will contribute many essentials to your diet, and yet your fat will seem to melt away.

Many overweight people have found that on the advice of their physicians they can remove needless pounds of weight and still enjoy the juicy steak, the hearty roast beef, the plump broiled lamb chops and the savory meat loaf and other thrifty meats.

Your physician will help you organize a safe diet and one that will give you a feeling of real satisfaction after every meal.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

Thrifty Homemade Beef Loaf

New Reducing Book for both Men and Women

"Reducing the Modern Way"—safely, effectively, comfortably. An easy lesson on eating and how to keep fit. Send 5¢ to Dept. E, AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago.

Catching Cold?

ACT NOW! This Helps Prevent Many Colds Developing . . .

Just tilt back your head and put Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril at first sniffle or sneeze . . . this aids your natural defenses against colds . . . and helps prevent many colds developing.

3-Purpose Medicine.. When a head cold stuffs you up, or transient congestion clogs up nose at night, Va-tro-nol does three important things to bring relief . . . (1) shrinks swollen membranes, (2) relieves irritation, (3) helps clear clogged nasal passages... And brings more breathing comfort. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries. **VICKS VAPORUB**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?
Now you can enjoy a smoother faster shave and save money too!
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
DOUBLE EDGE 20 FOR 25¢
Single Edge 15 for 25¢

Guaranteed by Marlin Firearms Co.—Fine Guns Since 1870

"If I danced too often, I shouldn't be able to get up promptly when the alarm goes off."

"You work too hard," said Steve. "Is Dave going to change all that?"

"Yes," said Kay. "Yes, he is."

"He's not in the army, is he?"

"No; Dave is thirty-five."

"Well, I think you are right, Kay. You ought not to go on working like this."

"You don't understand," said Kay. "I'm very fond of Dave. I admire him. He works hard, too. Especially now. His company has been changing over for defense work. They make machinery." She told him the little she knew about that, about Dave's part in it.

"He sounds all right," said Steve. They were alone on the floor, he noticed suddenly. "The music seems to have stopped, Kay. When did that happen?"

☆ THE heat made a new record by the next noontime. Kay felt tense and tired. The floor wasn't running smoothly in spite of her best efforts. There was a new untrained maid in the diet kitchen, for Nellie had not been around for three days. This time Nellie must be ill; she had never stayed away quite so long before. But she came in at twelve thirty in a large new popcorn-white hat.

"I'm moving away, Miss Welling."

"Where are you going, Nellie?"

"Over to New York State. My husband was born over there and he's got a notion to go back now. I wanted to send you word yesterday, but I had my packing to do, and when I was wrapping up my big glass dish it slipped right out of my hand and broke. Isn't that the way when you have to move?"

"Has your husband a better job over there, Nellie?"

"No, ma'am. He's just kinda tired of the one he has here, so the other night he says we're going to move. I don't know just what he will do over there. I'm a little upset about my dish, that's all. It was a lovely green color."

"But you both have work here, Nellie. It seems like a risk to move your furniture unless you know you will be as well off in another place."

"That's what I said to him, but he's going anyway. He has a slippery foot, that's all. Sometimes I wish I lived some place steady. I could have married a real steady man. He was paying on a policy and everything. But I don't know. You can't seem to marry one man when you've got your mind on another. I don't know just why that is—I guess I've got a little money coming to me, Miss Welling."

Kay went down to the office with her to expedite that transaction. When she came back, Steve was in the corridor. "How are all the temperatures today?"

"We're worried about the weather man's." She tried for the same light tone, fell down on it a little.

"How would you like to drive out into the country for a beefsteak supper tonight? The Daytons have a lovely place."

"I'm busy tonight," said Kay.

"This is my last evening," said Steve. "And I was told to bring a girl."

"Sorry; I'm busy." She felt Steve's eyes on her as she answered the telephone. But he didn't urge her further, when her call was over, and he didn't walk with her when she went down the corridor.

When she got back to her desk, Steve was gone but there was a message written on her desk pad.

"You are right," he wrote, "and maybe it is just as well that you are busy this evening."

She did not see him again that day. The afternoon passed like a local train going nowhere. At five o'clock Kay called one of the other supervisors and asked if she would like to go to the movies. She did not see how she could endure the evening ahead by herself.

Saturday dawned a little cooler. On Kay's floor two patients went home. Miss Lee had come back to work. Kay made an appointment for a manicure during her afternoon hours off. She had everything clear in her mind today. She was going to say a pleasant good-by to Steve. Tomorrow she was going to see Dave. Things were just as they were before she met Steve Harrison. She felt the same way about Dave. That was the important thing. She went off the floor for an early luncheon, and when she returned Miss Lee told her that Mr. Harrison was having lunch with his mother. Miss Lee had ordered that extra tray. Kay made out the charge slip for that and cleaned up other work on her desk.

☆ STEVE was still with his mother. Kay knew this was his last visit to the hospital. When she came back from her manicure he would be gone. Resolutely, at two o'clock she knocked on Mrs. Harrison's door. "I'm going off duty and I want to say good-by." She held out a cool friendly hand. "Good luck, Steve."

"Thanks," he said. They shook hands briefly. "Good-by, Kay."

She rode down into the city on a bus. The sunny streets were quite empty on a Saturday afternoon. Very empty. He could have been more than just barely civil, she thought. A little flare of anger burned in her. After all, they had been friends.

For the second time the manicurist asked if she wanted two coats of polish. "Oh, I'm sorry," said Kay. "I didn't realize you were speaking to me."

"I get absent-minded, too, when I'm deciding something," said the girl.

But there is nothing to decide, thought Kay. Nothing. She was back on the floor at four o'clock. Miss Lee wanted to tell her what a good sport Mrs. Harrison had been. She hadn't cried when her son said good-by. Of course she had cried a little after he was gone.

Kay said, "I'll be away tomorrow, Miss Lee. Is there anything you want to ask me about now?"

Miss Lee went off for supper and Kay took last hours on the floor. Visitors had begun to arrive for the evening. Kay answered questions, set long stalks of gladioli in deep green tins filled with water. She made out the report. When Dave calls, I'll ask him to come early tomorrow, she decided. We might go on to the shore.

She waited for his call on the brick step of the Nurses' Home. The door was open and she could hear the telephone. It was ringing often this evening. Upstairs the girls rushed to answer it. She could hear them calling out: "Flo—it's for you." Flo's good-natured strident voice carried plainly: "Give me a rain check, will you, Tommy?" As soon as that was finished Kay's call came. She took it in the hall downstairs.

"Go ahead," said the operator.

Kay said, "Yes, Dave. . . . Yes; I was waiting right here. . . . Yes—yes, I do have tomorrow free. Miss Lee came today. . . . Yes, I'm free all day—but, Dave—Dave, I'm sorry. I don't want you to come tomorrow. . . . No, I can't explain just now. I'll write you. . . . I'm afraid something has happened to change my mind."

When it was over finally, she had the curious feeling that she hadn't intended saying those things. But a girl within her—a girl who knew her better than she knew herself—had spoken. Oddly, that girl had seemed to store up Nellie's simple wisdom that you can't seem to marry one man when you have your mind on another. Well, that was it.

☆ SHE turned away from the telephone to face a darkly handsome young man in uniform. "I stopped in to say good-by, Kay. I thought you might be here waiting for a call." He opened the screen door between them and came inside. "That's not quite true, Kay. I came because I love you. Didn't you know that?"

"No. No—I only knew that I loved you. Yesterday I knew. I was never so unhappy."

"Why didn't you tell me, Kay?"

"You knew it. And you went away just the same, so I'd marry Dave."

"Well, I came back so you wouldn't," said Steve. "Just try to get away now!"

In his arms, she said softly, "I don't want to."

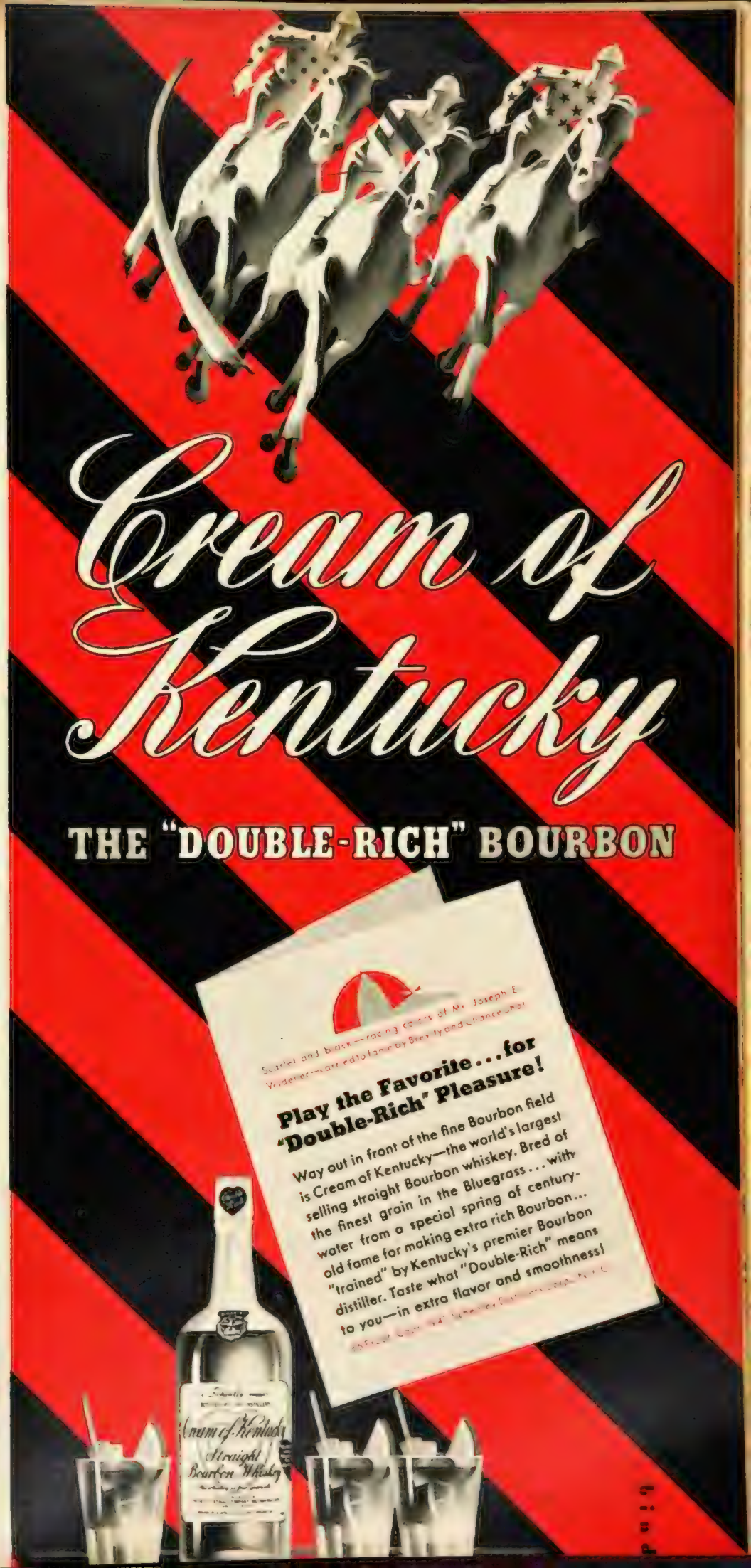
"You're very foolish, darling. You're not practical. And I thought you were such a smart girl. Since you're not, when do we get married?"

"On your next leave," said Kay.

"Are you sure that is what you want?" he asked. "It means you have to go on working. I can't offer you much security. We won't even be together."

"I know," said Kay. They were all in the scale, and against them was marriage to a man she loved. There was only one choice. "Very sure," she said.

THE END


Cream of Kentucky
THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON
Play the Favorite . . . for "Double-Rich" Pleasure!
Way out in front of the fine Bourbon field is Cream of Kentucky—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass . . . with water from a special spring of century-old fame for making extra rich Bourbon . . . "trained" by Kentucky's premier Bourbon distiller. Taste what "Double-Rich" means to you—in extra flavor and smoothness!
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Mary's no longer contrary

Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she still was glum and contrary.

You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

So Mary got a handy, flat, flavortite package of Dentyne — and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

It would take an entire issue of Liberty to print all the letters I've had from men expressing their appreciation of the hospitality and kindness shown them by town after town and city after city. They have come from all parts of the country. What Sergeant Goetz says about Greensboro, North Carolina, is typical. And I think it's grand.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ I WOULD say that the world's best town to the soldier is Greensboro, North Carolina. The 28th Division camped there for two nights over the week-end of September 27. The townspeople had nine dances arranged for us, opened their movies on Sunday, invited most of the division to fried-chicken dinners, and drove us around after dinner. These people went out of their way to make our stay pleasant. They actually came out to camp with empty cars and coaxed the boys to go into town. Most of the fellows were broke, but that made no difference. In fact, so many things were arranged that we just didn't know which to do. We are invited to go back over any week-end that we can get there. The boys that do go back will be quartered in private homes, and those of us who are married have been invited to bring our wives along. So, hats off to Greensboro, North Carolina!

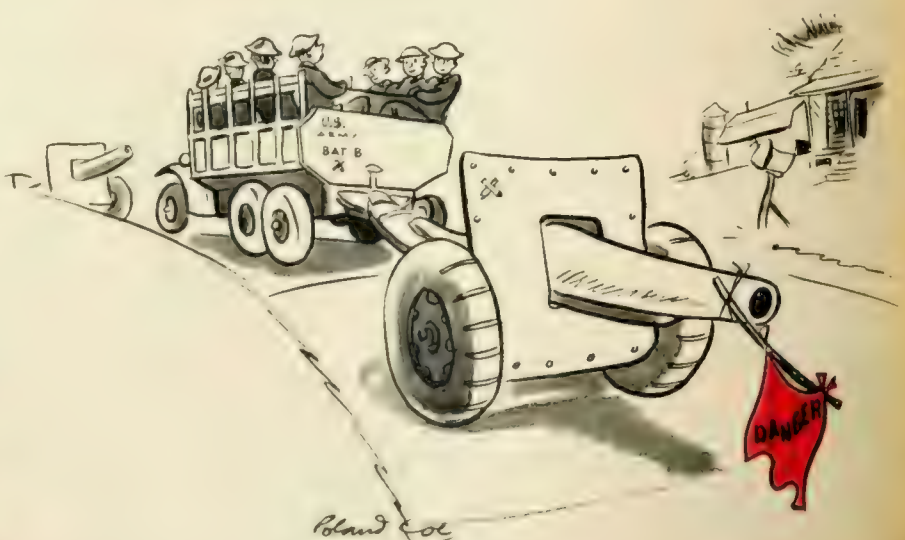
Albert D. Goetz, Master Sergeant, 110th Infantry, 28th Division.

Today we saw the officers and soldiers as they passed through our town returning from the Louisiana maneuvers. Our hearts sang paeans of praise for those young men who are giving some of the best months and years of their lives in the service of their country. *And yet, we mutely stared!* Why not a national gesture or salutation that could convey to those men what we feel in our hearts?

Mrs. K. L. R., Bastrop, La.

Some people cheer, some clap, some wave, some smile—but there is no universal signal or gesture or salute, call it what you will, to express the sort of emotion you mean. What sign can a civilian make to show his regard and esteem for men in uniform? I'm open to suggestions.

This afternoon I went to our regimental P. X. to purchase a can of shoe polish. Imagine my surprise when I found that I couldn't buy it because the clerks hadn't gotten around to changing the prices to include the



new tax imposed by the Congress.

Look, Sarge. We're ready to put out everything that men hold dear—our homes, our happiness, our lives—to keep these United States a free country for a free people. Isn't that enough to pay, without having to pay extra to buy the essentials we need for ourselves (and, in the case of us married men, our families)? We are paid little enough as it is, without having the biggest percentage of our pay taxed away from us.

Sgt. A. G. D., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Looks to me as though you had something there, Sarge. Last week I ran an item about the possibility of tax-free tobacco for the armed forces. If that exemption is made, why not apply the same principle to the other necessities of a service man's life? How about it, Washington?

I'm a three-year regular in the Air Corps and my time is almost up. I like the service and I want to re-enlist. *But* I was married after I enlisted without the permission and knowledge of my C. O. Is there any way I can re-enlist without its being a fraudulent enlistment?

Pfc. M. I. L., March Field, Calif.

A War Department circular says: "Enlisted men except those in grades 1, 2, or 3, who marry without the written permission of the corps area commander after June 30, 1939, will not be re-enlisted." You didn't give me the date of your marriage, but, in any event, I would go to my C. O., tell what you've told me, and take his advice. Don't lay up future trouble for yourself by a fraudulent enlistment.

I have attended quite a number of U. S. O. affairs where I met many nice enlisted men. Some of them have asked for dates and I've said no because of my uncertainty as to whether or not said boys are single. Ever so many girls (myself included) have dated soldiers, only to learn later that they were married. It would be fine for us if there were an information desk at camp where we could check up on the would-be daters. What do you think, Sarge?

Miss J. A., New Orleans, La.

Listen, lady. I'm just an Old Sarge, and even as a baby they never called me Cupid. This Army's job is to train men to be soldiers and it hasn't time to be a matrimonial bureau. And I don't know why a decent married man shouldn't be as good company as a decent bachelor. In fact, I've heard it said by more than one of my wife's girl friends that it's too bad all the nicest men are married. Now I'll duck.

YOU GUESS THE TUNE

K-K-K-K-K,
Dirty old K P,
You're the only army job that I abhor.
When the m-moon shines over the guardhouse,
I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

E. S., Lynbrook, N. Y.

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ARE FOOTBALL PLAYERS TRAMPS?—

Continued from Page 27

don't have money to throw around.

To subsidized players football is incidental. It is a means to an end. While other students are playing saxophones, clarinets, or pianos to help pay their way, they are knocking themselves out on the crossbarred field. The old notion that athletic scholarships gave boys a distorted sense of their own importance has been disproved.

Whizzer White of Colorado, the outstanding football player of 1937, was able to carry an ode of Catullus as deftly as he could tote the cowhide around the wing. Not only was he the greatest player of his day, but a ranking Phi Beta Kappa student as well and a Rhodes scholar to boot. Davey O'Brien of Texas Christian, most brilliant of the 1938 crop, was no dunce in academic work. Neither was Albie Booth of Yale memory; or Harmon of last year's Michigan team.

Today football is so scientific in its technique, so complex in its offensive and defensive strategy, intelligence is required to play it well. Obviously the game is no place for the dullard or the man who allows some one else to do his thinking for him. Only recently a big Eastern institution prided itself on the astonishing fact it could field an eleven of Phi Beta Kappa men from men on its first two teams.

Today the system of subsidizing works pretty much in the same way as it always has, but there is one important change. Formerly players were given aid even though they were not academically qualified. Today it is only a third-rate institution, and few of them, that will accept a player not academically qualified.

Otherwise the practice of subsidizing is unchanged. Coaches with or without the consent of their college authorities set up machinery for finding talented players and bringing them under their tutelage. Contacts with high-school coaches, preparatory-school mentors, friends and alumni enable a coach to establish a network of scouting wires that extend through many states.

Competition for good high-school players is extremely keen. Frequently as many as ten coaches will be seeking the same athlete. Time and again at high-school football banquets, important coaches from widely separated institutions may be seen at the same table. Each is working his points as carefully as possible.

In many instances the alumni bodies in various cities work independently of the coach. Out of a spirit of philanthropy in some cases they raise a fund for a yearly scholarship at their alma mater. At first the idealism behind the gesture works out, but gradually the desire to help the college tangibly by sending up a football player of ability asserts itself. From then on the man who wins the scholarship each year is usually a good student but at the same time a good football player. If the choice has to be made between two students, one of whom can hit a line, it goes without saying he is chosen.

There is a touch of tragedy in the picture, for high-school athletes hear tall tales of the rich rewards gathered by talented players who preceded them. They think that a good straight arm is the open-sesame to easy living. Disillusionment comes when they find themselves pushing a mop around a gymnasium or emptying swill cans in back of a hashery on the campus to pay for their keep.

So meager are the emoluments that are given college athletes today that coaches themselves often have to dig into their own pockets to help keep a crack fullback from starving. Not a few coaches set aside a definite part of their salaries for this purpose. They figure it pays in the long run, because without good players their reputation as coaches would soon collapse, and even good players must eat.

At two prominent institutions in the East, both of which subsidize athletes, it is a well known fact neither has ever dropped a player from its academic rolls because he failed to make the team. Both, however, have disqualified players who failed to maintain their grades. Re-

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peatedly these colleges have carried for four years players who proved flaming meteors in high school but fizzled hopelessly in college.

What little changes have come about in the technique of subsidizing have been gradual and due to the quiet pressure of other institutions that resent the practice. In some sections, colleges and universities have banded together and agreed tacitly among themselves to play only those rivals whose ethical standards are similar to their own. Flagrant subsidizing on the part of a contemporary has caused it to be blackballed, so far as scheduling games was concerned.

What happens to these so-called tramp athletes when they get out of college? Not all of them go in for professional football. Many study medicine or law. Others teach school. Some get jobs in business. Some coach. That they become spoiled citizens or parasites is untrue. Of all the subsidized athletes I have known in the last ten years, none has the attitude that the world owes him a living.

THE END

Liberty's True Two-Minute Story

☆ THIS is a story of the night when Charlie Chaplin did not have a home.

There is a hotel in New York of which Charlie is fond, but on this particular occasion it was filled up when Charlie arrived unexpectedly. The manager said, "We will have a vacant suite at six o'clock. Do you want to sit in my office until then?"

"No," said Charlie. "I'll get a taxi and ride around the town."

This he did, and by two in the morning the taxi driver was exhausted.

"Mister," he asked (he had not recognized Charlie minus mustache, derby, and tramp shoes), "why don't you let me take you home?"

"I haven't got a home," said Charlie.

"Now, ain't that tough!" said the driver. "Say, I can put you up for the night."

"O. K.," said Charlie.

So they drove the taxi up to a garage in the Bronx, and then Charlie followed the chauffeur up five flights of stairs to the door of a railroad flat.

The taximan whispered, "You'll have to sleep with my kid."

"O. K.," said Charlie. "Let's go."

Thus it was that Charlie Chaplin climbed into bed with an eight-year-old boy in the upper Bronx and fell sound asleep. . . .

In the morning he was awakened by an extraordinary cry. Peering at him through the white-enameled bars at the foot of the bed was the freckled face of an enchanted child.

"Oh, mama," he cried, "Charlie Chaplin is in my bed!"

Moral: Children often can see further than their elders.—*Robin Stage.*

Like most people, Marjorie Woodworth, Hal Roach star featured in "All-American Co-ed," is intensely interested in...

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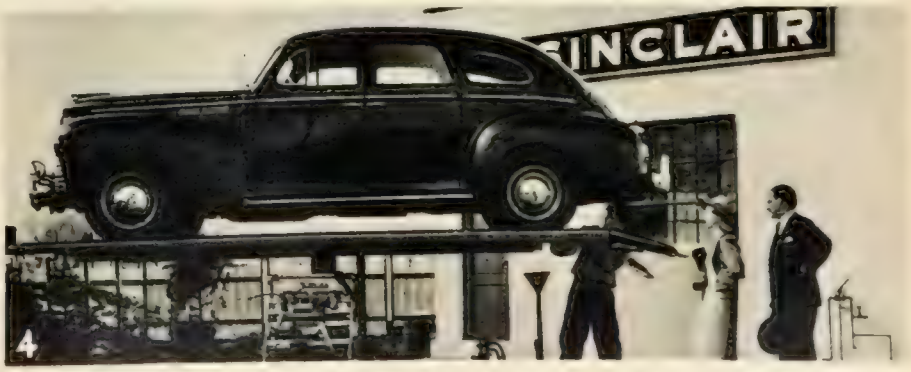

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presence on the phone and, when he failed to get me, conclude I had tired of waiting for him to speak to me. Then I paced the floor, not quite sure what to do. I didn't like the idea of having Larry Franco shot full of holes without being given a chance to surrender, yet I had a duty to the state to perform.

The afternoon hours dragged on. Evening came. Finally I sent for Franco. When he came he assumed an elaborate casualness. "Still hunting for bugs in me, doc?" he inquired. "Why don't you try a disinfectant?"

"Have a cigarette, Larry," I said, "and sit down. I'm not hunting for a bug this time. I just wanted your opinion on how some one could escape from this prison."

He looked at me quickly. "Trying to kid me?"

I shook my head. "It's only that I was thinking that if a fellow worked his way through the sewer in the old laundry, he'd land somewhere under a cell in the old cell block. . . . Say, I wouldn't be surprised if it was right under your cell! Wouldn't that be funny?"

Larry went gray. "Say that again, doc."

I did not say it again. I went on quietly. "He could dig down to the river from there, and get out that way. That is, if nobody found out about it. But if anybody should . . ."

I paused and looked at him. He looked me right in the eyes. His eyes were dead.

"If any one found out when this man was going to make the break—say tonight, for instance—and posted men at the river end of the hole, they could shoot him before he got his feet wet. Killed while trying to escape, would be the verdict. And the P. J. would be rid of a man—maybe two—he found troublesome."

Larry stood up. He was quiet. "Thanks, doc."

He and Curly gave themselves up that night, and each was given a month in solitary. The day Larry had his privileges restored to him he came to me. "About that prison school you were talking about, doc," he said. "You know, I've been thinking it might be fun to start teaching art again."

Franco has done some very interesting work with those who have attended his classes. He hasn't been turning out any Whistlers or Van Dycks, but he has fixed it so that these men, who were idle and bored, have something with which to occupy themselves, and he himself is a much more contented man than he was. . . .

☆ ALL this ran through my mind as the dinner in Warden Knight's home progressed. When it was over, after saying good-by to his other guests, the warden turned to me. "It's not midnight yet," he said. "Sit down a while. You seemed a bit lost among so many wardens."

"No," I said, "only surprised at their approach to their jobs."

He regarded me oddly. "You get used to it," he said. "Their bark is worse than their bite."

"Even so," I replied, "a barking dog can be very frightening—can do a lot of damage to the timid or the sick. And we deal mostly with the mentally sick."

His tone changed. "Then you don't care for Glen Alder?" His voice was challenging, and it angered me.

"I'd like it," I said sharply, "if one could get some co-operation and less interference—particularly from the principal jailer! Damn it, warden! If he'd use his head a little, we'd make decent progress. Even a P. J. ought to think once in a while!"

Warden Knight rose from his chair, and his voice was steely.

"When there's any thinking to be done at Glen Alder, doctor, I'll be the one to do it."

As Frank Rista showed me out, I wondered how long I would last at Glen Alder.

How the "bug doctor" was eventually to convince even the P. J. of psychiatry's value, and how the warden was to prove to be, after all, a man of sterling worth and courage, will appear in Liberty next week as the doctor's story is concluded.

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VOX POP—Continued from Page 4

vention, I must confess to utter inability to plumb the processes of your mind.

Do people cry "anti-Catholic" when the name is used in an appeal for support? Do Americans shout "anti-Protestant" when that term is employed in debate?—*Rev. John L. Bazinet, Professor of Apologetics, St. Mary's Seminary.*

ANAHEIM, CALIF.—You told the truth and nothing but the truth.—*G. C. Rector, a retired Methodist preacher.*

REDLANDS CALIF—IN MY OPINION THE MALIGNANTLY CUNNING SOPHISTRY YOUR LINDBERGH EDITORIAL IS DISGRACE TO AMERICAN JOURNALISM NO EXPLANATION COULD EVER AMEND THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO CREATE THE HATREDS YOU PRETEND TO CONDEMN—ROBERT M MILLER.

PHILADELPHIA PA—MAY GOD BLESS YOU FOR THAT MASTERLY EDITORIAL ON LINDBERGH IT REFLECTS THE HIGHEST PATRIOTISM—HENRY CARTER PATTERSON.

SALINA KANS—PLEASE STOP OUR SUBSCRIPTION TO SEMITIC PUBLICATION LIBERTY YOUR LIBELOUS JEWISH EDITORIAL GOES BEYOND PALE OF ORDINARY DECENCY IN ATTACKING OUR NATIONAL HERO—W B HONSKA.

MR. BRUNER PUTS IT CALMLY

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Cannot help but write you that your smear against Mr. Lindbergh is, to put the matter calmly, the lousiest, stinkiest, most un-American effort I have seen yet.—*C. J. Bruner.*

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—As an American First I want to thank you for the work you have done to increase the membership of the America First Committee. Every dirty word, every muddy page has served to strengthen the America First Committee.

We are very proud of Charles A. Lindbergh. The future is hazy even to us, but we do know that we can hardly wait for 1944!—*Shirley Jordan.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I heartily agree with Liberty's editorial on Lindbergh.

The America First Committee should be referred to as the America Last Committee.—*L. B. Kelsey, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It seems singular that in our so-called democracy one cannot support the views of Washington, Jefferson, and the Declaration of Independence *re* our participation in foreign wars without incurring the displeasure and abuse of certain interventionists.—*Edmund K. Goldsborough.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Nothing you have heretofore published has aroused my enthusiasm like your editorial about Lindbergh. He was our hero, but his later revelations of himself make me think of the fable of the fox and the crow. He opened his mouth!—*Lenore A. Eldred.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—By the way, did you ever discern the salient BERLIN in his name? Curiously, it is most obvious. LIN-BER.—*Llewellyn Hughes.*

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

AMERICAN SKI TROPHY. It takes more than a champion to win the American Ski Trophy, shown at the right. It is presented annually to the country's outstanding amateur skier, selected by a committee of experts as having done more for the sport of skiing during the year than any other man. Whether it's for exceptional performance in competition or for making some other important contribution to the sport, you've got to be tops in skiing to merit this award—you've got to be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl name. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl trade mark has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, "Ethyl" tells you which pump contains the best.

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What happened to Joe Martin?

BY WALTER KARIG

Out of the limelight . . but up to things! Here's what the G. O. P. Chairman is doing

☆ "WHAT," asked the gentleman from California, "has become of Joe Martin? Is he still chairman of the Republican National Committee?"

"Ha-ha, ho-ho!" laughed the lad from OEM. "Better ask what has become of the Republican Party!"

It was an October evening in Washington, and the talk was on how much of a fight President Roosevelt would have on his hands in getting Congress to chop another chunk out of the Neutrality Act.

"I'll tell you," said the correspondent. "Joe *is* still chairman of the Republican National Committee, and as to what has become of the party—why, Joe is it. Right now he's out in your part of the country telling the voters they ought to elect a Republican majority to the House of Representatives."

"But look here—the Congressional elections are still twelve months and two weeks off!"

"That's right," said the correspondent. "And that's why I'd be particularly interested in knowing where Joe Martin is and what he is doing now, if I were you."

It was only a year ago that Joe Martin's name was big in the headlines. Since then, what with the war news, it hasn't been. But Joe is just as scrappily active today as he was in the 1940 campaign. He is alternately keeping his 163 charges in the House of Representatives at work as a team on *domestic* issues, and sprinting out to the states beyond the Alleghenies to search for promising additions to his team and, as he says himself, to preach democracy. Of course, Joe's idea of democracy is Republicanism. Listen to what he has to say, however.

"In the light of present world conditions we must keep on spending huge sums for national defense," he said in giving me the gist of his stump speeches. "That spending for defense has received support by nearly all Congress. The opposition to it is not on party lines.

"For the time being, we Republicans in Congress must perform the thankless but patriotic and essential task of policing and auditing those in charge of our national defense. A vigorous, courageous Republican Party is essential to police the New Deal as it revels in the spending and in the possession of vast and unprecedented emergency powers. That is our present job.

"The old issue of economy in our domestic affairs tends to be submerged and forgotten. My theme is this: *Every dollar unwisely expended is a blow against our national security. Every dollar wasted means a dollar less for vital airplanes and warships.* We must get back to the old New England habit of thrift. And the Democrats, under the New Deal especially, have not been conspicuously thrifty."

Well, is it wise to interject partisan politics into the confusion of the defense effort?

"There is a good deal of propaganda about adjournment of politics," Joe replies dryly. "I haven't seen any signs of the New Deal adjourning politics. When they talk about that, they mean adjournment of the opposition. They want a one-party system in America. So I say: 'Elect a Republican House, and the two-party system will continue, the threat of Fascism or Communism will be removed, and the powers Congress has delegated to the President will be sure to be returned.'"

He is particularly concerned about the impressions this era is making on the minds of youth. He tells school groups: "You young people are entering upon your trusteeship of this nation in a time when too many of our people are being persuaded that free constitutional government lacks efficiency in this modern day. Don't be fooled by that. Constitutional government does not lack efficiency. Some of the people charged with operating the government may lack efficiency, but there is nothing wrong with constitutional government *if it is run right.*"

Of course, Joe doesn't think it can be run right without Republicans in charge. But even President Roosevelt has declared that the government can't be properly conducted without a strong, alert, intelligent minority. Where the gentlemen differ is that

Roosevelt thinks the Republicans should be that minority and Joe thinks the Democrats should be.

He became minority leader in January, 1939. After the third straight G. O. P. debacle in 1940 some members of his party wondered if it wouldn't be the smart thing to nominate him for the Presidency in 1944. He himself can't see beyond the 1942 Congressional elections. He figures the Republicans can elect a majority next year. If they should—and few others are as optimistic as he is—he would be elected Speaker, which is not a bad springboard for the Presidency.

☆ THIS Joseph William Martin has no good looks, no captivating radio voice. He has a strong New England accent. He has never married. He is short, swart, and somewhat less than a fashion plate.

Politically, some die-hard Republicans think he is too liberal. He voted for the Social Security Act, for the regulation of working hours and wages, to investigate radio monopolies, for reduced farm-loan interest rates. On the other hand, the extremely liberal Republicans frown on him because he voted against a lot of New Deal legislation for which they voted aye—and numbers of Democrats voted no. He worked hard for Willkie but harder to get Republicans elected to Congress. Win or lose, he figured, there would be a man in the White House who needed Congressional brakes.

He was born in North Attleboro, Massachusetts, where he still lives, on November 3, 1884. His father was the village blacksmith. There were seven children. Joe went to work when he was five years old, delivering the Evening Chronicle. He delivered it for twelve years and was known to everybody in the town. One of his steady clients was Edward R. Price, treasurer of the North Attleboro Savings Bank. When a group of citizens decided to start a rival newspaper they were dumfounded to learn that one of the conditions for a loan from the bank was that Joe Martin be given a job as reporter!

The paper failed eventually, but Joe went to the city of Attleboro and talked himself into a job as reporter. That was in 1902. He was paid five dollars a week. Eventually his salary was ten dollars. No matter what it was, a stated percentage went into the savings account weekly. In 1908 the old Evening Chronicle went on the auction block. Joe had saved $2,000, and he bought the paper.

He was a crusading editor. He bucked the sectional boss rule of William Ames. In 1911 he dared to run for office against the Republican machine, and went to the Massachusetts State House of Representatives. In 1914 he was elected to the State Senate. Its president was one Calvin Coolidge, of whom Joe didn't see much because Coolidge associated with conservative elders, if with anybody. Nevertheless, years later, when Coolidge was in the White House and Joe in Congress, and when Frank W. Stearns picked the young editor-politician to "do chores" for the President in Congress, Coolidge interrupted Stearns' announcement of his selection of Joe Martin with: "Know him. The job will be done."

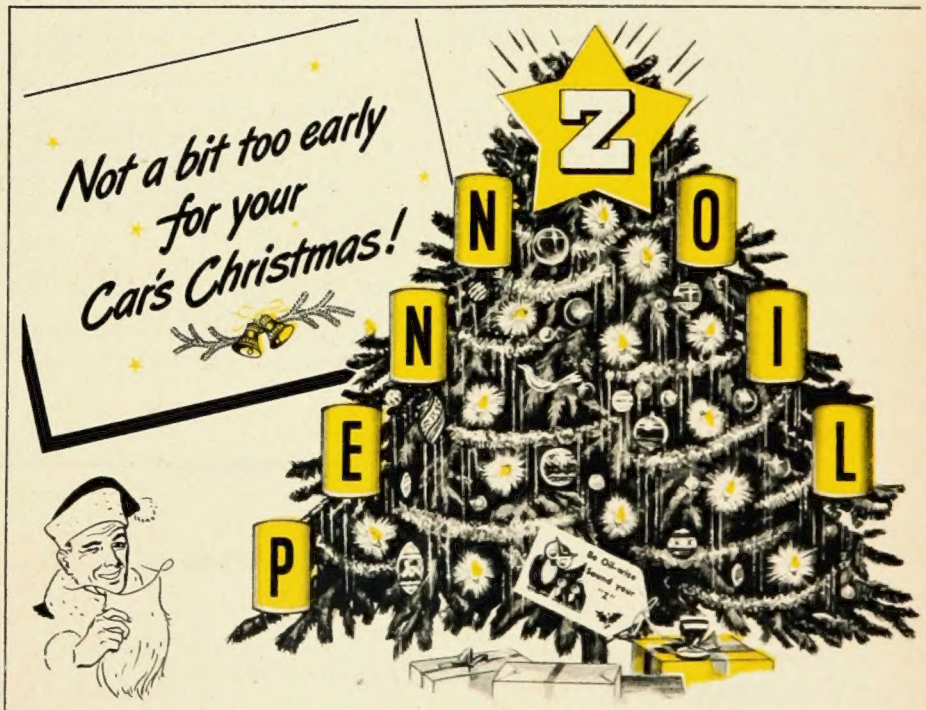
Joe "quit politics" in 1918. The army didn't want him and his newspaper needed him. But in 1922 he made the "mistake" of managing Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's unpromising campaign for re-election. Lodge begged him to do it—and was re-elected by 6,800 votes. Came the next election, in 1924, and Joe was simply lifted out of his editorial chair and dumped into Congress. In a district where the normal Republican margin is around 3,000 votes, he has always had a majority of twice that number in nine Congressional elections. In 1938 and 1940 thousands were added to the WPA payroll in his district, in bald-faced attempts to win votes for his opponents. His majorities were as big as ever.

How does he do it? Why, mainly by continuing to be—as one of his typical Yankee fellow townsmen told Blair Moody of the Detroit News in North Attleboro last year—"jest one of the boys." That's the clue to Joe's control over his Republicans in the House, and his considerable influence over the rank-and-file Democrats who distrust the New Deal. When he was elected Republican leader he announced that the minority party was going to re-organize and re-educate itself. He proposed a twelve-point program that accepts much of the New Deal's thesis without subscribing to New Deal methods.

"There will not be a bill introduced in the House with which we won't be thoroughly familiar," he promised; and he appointed a dozen standing committees, each to study legislation in a special field. They scan and report on every bill and resolution introduced in either House or Senate. Republican Representative Robert W. Kean of New Jersey sits at a desk on the House floor with an analysis of every bill on the calendar before him, and blocks or postpones action on legislation counter to the Martin program. Also poised and ready are the members of Joe's committees. Such is the teamwork by which he succeeded in blocking such measures as the 1939 spend-lend bill and the appropriation of more millions for subsidized housing.

Joe says he is not a boss. "I just get the boys together and we talk things over and figure out a line of action," he says. Says he! Well, he *isn't* a Simon Legree. If one of his party doesn't see things the way he and the rest of the Republicans do, the dissenter risks no "purge" in voting otherwise. That is good political psychology on Joe's part. And it is good political strategy that he displays when he lets the dissenting *Democrats* start the attack on a measure he has marked for the kill.

THE END



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THE LAST WORD: *A Salute to Good Americans*

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FULTON OURSLER

WHAT SORT of person are you who hold this copy of Liberty magazine in your hand?

You know something about me; you have seen my picture and have kindly read some of the words I have written. I have not had the opportunity to meet you or see you, and yet I feel I know a great deal about you. Only the other day some one asked me:

"How would you describe a typical reader of Liberty?"

Of course there is no such thing as a typical reader. The human race is an uncounted collection of individuals without one duplicate. God never repeats Himself. Yet there are certain general characteristics which set one group apart from all others. I think I know what sets apart the readers of Liberty from all others and stamps them as among the wisest and most intelligent of all groups of true Americans, a part of the sensible and decent majority of our citizenship.

It is not difficult to know this. The evidence is very plain in the preferences you express for what we print in this magazine. I see you not as one person but two persons, a man and a woman. You are idealistic and practical; you reverently believe in God, and you believe that God helps those who help themselves. You may be confused about the meaning of that disputed word democracy, but you believe in your right to say and write and do as you please, to worship according to your conscience, and to live as free people live under our Americanism, which is itself something set apart, nobler than any other kind of democracy practiced in foreign countries. You know that changes are coming, you regard change as inevitable, but you are resolved that these changes shall bring not less but more Americanism.

I know that you must be above the average in education, that you are thoughtful, alert, and discriminating. That is why you are so keenly interested in foreign affairs; why millions of you read, week after week, the serious and challenging diary of Ambassador Dodd and the revelations of Fritz Thyssen; why you have followed the writings of authorities, from Winston Churchill to Hitler himself, in our pages—because you want all the facts, all the arguments, all sides of any important question.

That is apparent also in your attitude on domestic affairs. You have read President Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover in these pages, and others equally opposed in theory and attitude. You are indeed liberals with common sense.

You are interested in good government and in preserving the American way of life; you hated the scandals of municipal corruption we have exposed, and applauded the victories for justice and good government which we have helped to win.

But there is nothing prim or overserious about you, for you are a fun-loving couple and are going to have a good time and taste all the happiness life can offer. That is why you like Liberty's fiction authors, from Faith Baldwin and Fannie Hurst to Ben Hecht and Leslie Ford. You are fans of baseball and football and softball and boxing, and you stand for unbossed clean sport and fair play—as represented by Jack Dempsey and Eddie Dooley and others. You go to the movies regularly, but you go only to decent films of quality. We know that, because cheapness and trash are never reviewed in our movie page, whether by Mr. Howard Barnes or his predecessor. You are discriminating radio listeners, too, and like to read about important new personalities of the air. You enjoy the humor of Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, and our other end-men contributors and a good laugh at a cartoon is a bright spot in your day.

But even some of your fun shows the keenness of your wit—for you are fond of our expert quizzes, our Twenty Questions, and you holler murder if we leave out a Cock-eyed Crossword Puzzle—and, sir and madam, those puzzles take real brains to solve.

You love the graces and charms of life, I know, because for more than fifteen years you have been following devotedly the wit of the great world as reported by Princess Kropotkin, and the cooking recipes which have perked up thousands of American dinner tables. You love the new and fashionable in clothes and accessories, as your letters to Miss Schinasi conclusively show.

And you are kind and patient and forgiving, as letters to me—sometimes three hundred a day—constantly show me.

That is why I salute you as the best of America—the decent and intelligent best of the best country on this sad earth. It is in you and your support of Liberty and its policy that I take the pride of my life.

☆

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★ ★ ★

You invite good talk when you serve folks Wine

When there's wine with food on the table, folks can ease up the moderate way, and enjoy themselves

SET OUT ANOTHER plate or two on the table. Ask some friends over. Folks are doing that more and more. Because evenings spent in quiet friendship help us let up—relax.

Perhaps that's one reason wine has grown so popular lately. People find that when you share wine with a friend you share good talk and fellowship. You draw closer together, over good food and wine.

An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in the state of California.

You can serve California wines with confidence—they are sound, well-developed and reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

Serve wine as simply as coffee and tea are served. At dinner-time a light white or red table variety—chilled dry California *Rhine Wine* or *Sauterne* goes well with chicken. Or red *Burgundy* with roast beef. For between-meals the refreshment wines like *Port* or *Muscatel*. And as an appetizer, *Sherry*

MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

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IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're *milder, definitely better-tasting* and *cooler-smoking*. Everybody who smokes them likes them.

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